The SPHERE

Vol. CXXVI. No. 1648 AUG. 22, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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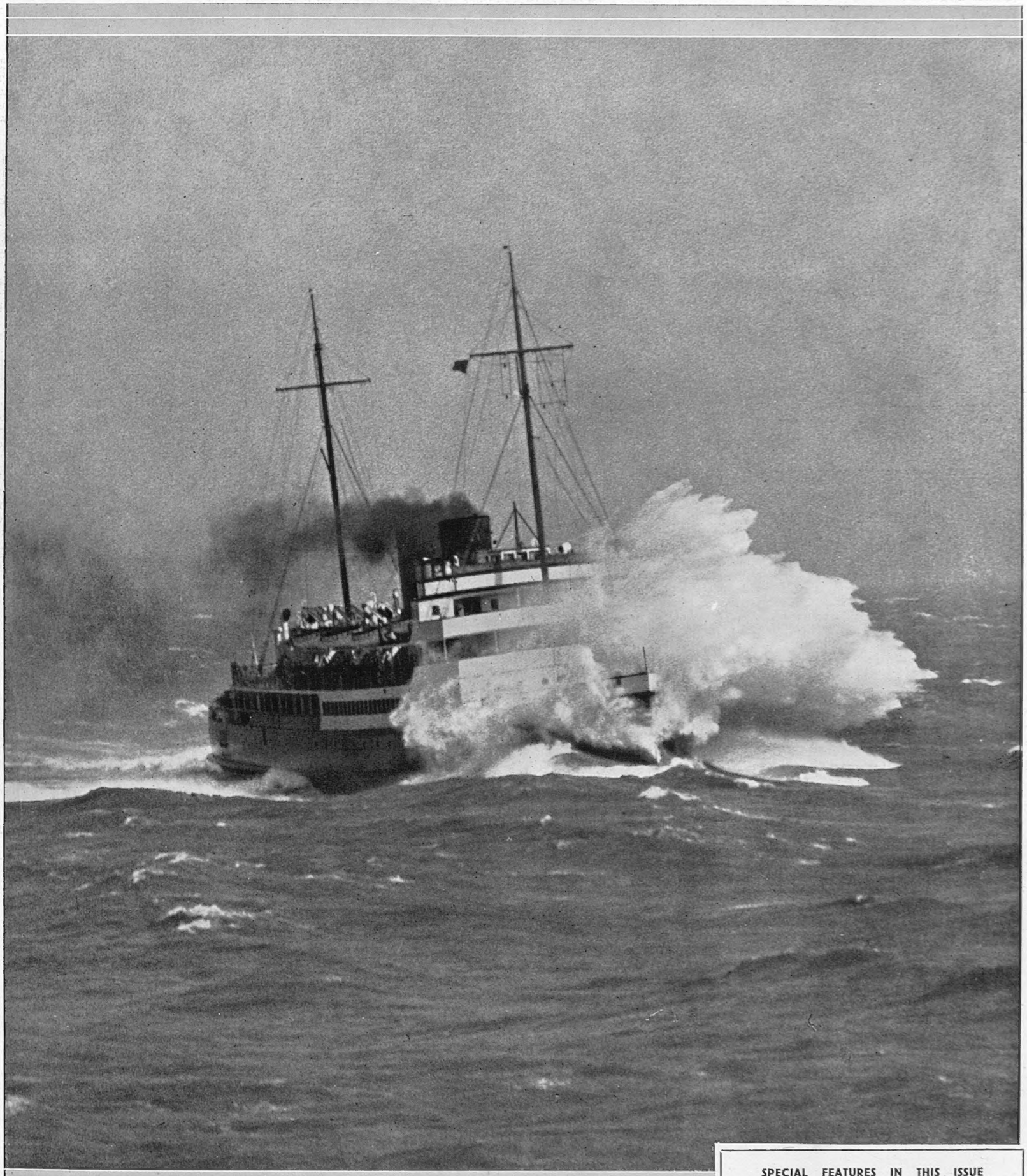

The WORST GALE in the ENGLISH CHANNEL for a Quarter of a Century

The Belgian Steamer, "Prince Charles," Battles through Tempestuous Seas

The deplorable weather of last week was something of a record even for an English summer! One has to go back twenty-five years to parallel the seas that made crossing the Channel an ordeal to daunt even good sailors; to match the deluges that turned holiday-making into a tragic farce. It has been especially the week-ends that have suffered worst; no fewer than twenty-seven of this year's week-ends have been productive of bad, or indifferent, climatic conditions

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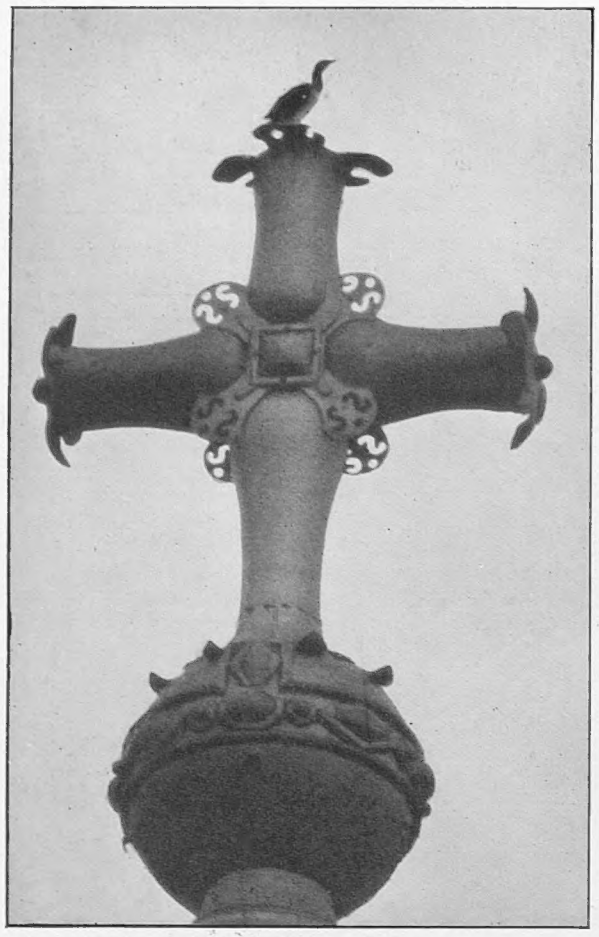


LONDON'S DISTINGUISHED VISITOR: The cormorant of St. Paul's. For six evenings in succession, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, a large bird, now proved by photography to be a cormorant, but at one time thought to be a heron, has been seen perched on the top of the cross surmounting the great Wren edifice 365 ft. above the street. This unusual visitor perches on the cross and thereafter spends the evenings on one of the arms. The cross and ball are, together, 23 ft. high

A London Newsletter

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, August 19, 1931

Leaking Out.—Nowadays, the most private and confidential deliberations of Cabinets leak out without delay. At any rate, the public is prepared to accept as gospel "inspired" reports of conclusions arrived at behind locked doors, and forthwith begins to protest against such as they find objectionable. And so it will be with the Government's economy proposals and Budget plans. It is quite certain that, so far as the Labour Government is concerned, every effort will be made to keep secret any decision implementing the May proposals or extending the classes liable to direct taxation until after the T.U.C. Congress has met at Bristol in September, and Budget plans would not be broadcast even at the party conference at Scarborough in October, unless it becomes necessary to call on Parliament to assemble to pass urgent legislation in the meanwhile. For from these gatherings there will rise icy frosts chilling to any fresh young shoots of sanity and statesmanship, blighting any proposals to reduce expenditure on social services or unemployment benefit. Between this and the new Session, the Cabinet will be long and often in committee on the subject of economy and the balancing of next year's Budget, and it is consoling to know that at long last the urgency of retrenchment has struck Mr. MacDonald's Government.

The Last Chance.—It is now generally accepted by all parties that the Budget must be fairly balanced, that this can only be done by further direct taxation, and only then, if a fair proportion of the May proposals—all of which are exceedingly unpalatable not only to the classes threatened but to politicians of every party—are implemented. This is a programme at which any Cabinet—shadow or substantial — must tremble. Most illogically; since those who snatch at power should accept with the rose the thorns of responsibility. Still, we accept it as we accept the rottenness of the Party System. Therefore we shall be thankful if Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Herbert Samuel do indeed join the deliberations of the Government, and if in consequence we are assured that Party capital is not to be made out of the first genuine attempt since the War at economic reconstruction and economy. If the growls of the T.U.C. and the threats of tub-thumpers during this autumn avail to divert the reinforced Cabinet from its plain and unpalatable task, then clearly the Government must fall. This is the last chance the country will give it.

The Rentier.—I do not believe that tariff questions will, or ought to, be subjects on the agenda of what is essentially an emergency conference to consider the findings of a definite economy committee and to lay plans for balancing next April's Budget. Fiscal reform is a matter for the country to decide. But, while we welcome a party truce *ad hoc*, we extend no authority to the Opposition parties to fall in blindly with the plans of the Government. We demand of them that they fight for the overburdened middle classes and insist that the necessary new taxation shall fall, not on one, but on every class in the State. We insist that the sacrifices must start at the very top; we accept no other sign of honest intention and true repentance on the part of the governing mandarins; we see no justice in any scheme of national sacrifice which does not embrace every voter including the honest unemployed who is State-supported. The rentier is the very type of citizen that every Government has held up as an ideal to be followed. The man who has invested his savings in fixed interest-bearing securities is not now to be singled out for sacrifice and condemned as the smug and prudent bourgeois. This sudden vision of the havoc which squandermania and party tactics have wrought must be turned to good account. At long last it must be achieved that all those who have the right to vote Governments to power shall bear some share of the burden of taxation.

Mobilization!—The scandalmonger we have always with us. He has been taking notes at Aldershot. "The army," he whispered to his neighbour in the bar parlour, "is doing a test mobilization. You can take it from me—he tapped his nose—they're expecting a European War, any day now. Yes, the authorities have got the wind up. In fact, the transports are standing by. It's 1914 over again. Just you wait." Doubtless, it is a chance not to be missed by scaremongers. But there is a brighter side. Let us congratulate the military authorities for once on the brightness of their intelligence. We pay still a good deal for our Army, and it is reasonable to learn if it can march and move from place to place. It is no use building an expensive motor-car and never bothering to find out if the parts are properly assembled and if the wheels go round. The whole fabric of the establishment, transport, and equipment of units of all arms has been transformed since 1918. Even the surviving cavalry regiments are unrecognizably mechanized and spend as much time at the wheel as in the saddle. So, a test mobilization, boring exercise as it is, is regarded as a necessary and tiresome part of the training of an army. Every time this particular phase of training comes round, you will hear quite intelligent, educated men rumouring war scares.

Simple Economics.—The price of cotton has not been lower in our time. Rubber, which a few years ago cost 10s. a pound, is now a glut at 3d. a pound. Wheat is rotting in the granaries and oil is poured out like water. But how splendid! Manchester can turn out cotton goods without worrying about the price of the raw commodity. Tyre-makers needn't bother about primary costs, and every sort of experiment with rubber—down to the paving of City streets—can be made without risk. The people's bread is plentiful and cheap, and the life-blood of transport flows free for all. Surely here is good news for half the world. The argument is remorselessly logical. We are told to read and learn from history. When the price of wheat was 110s. a quarter at the dawn of the nineteenth century, the quartern loaf was 1s. 9d., the farmer lived like a lord and the people like pigs. Where's the logic in all this universal groaning, in this panic in Manchester? Alas! we must forget the lessons of history and begin again. What is true after one series of wars is not true after another. The world is always out of joint, but it is not always the same joint.

The Guildford By-Election.—Those two charming young men—Mr. Stopford Brooke, who has raised the Liberal vote in the constituency from 5,000 to 16,000, and Mr. Charles Rhys, the new Conservative candidate, who succeeds the late Sir H. Buckenham—are to be suffered to fight a duel at Guildford. A less romantic element is not after all to be introduced in the person of Mr. Peck, a trades-union organiser, of Walton. Mr. Peck was not likely to pick up many crumbs; those he secured would have fallen from the Liberal table. Guildford is not, and never has been, boringly political. Like so many polite suburbs, it has a fondness for fashionable young members. If they attend local balls and functions, so much the better. Mr. Brooke was at the last election admirable in that line, but he has since married. Mr. Rhys is not a local, of course. He is a son of Lord Dynevor and hails from Wales. He has been in Parliament before, and will shortly be in Parliament again. He has had some experience of the inner life of Governments while serving Mr. Baldwin. He has a country cottage at Compton between Guildford and Godalming and is a bachelor. The poll is like to be in the first week of September. The Conservatives are resigned to this choice, because it is known not to suit the book of the Liberal partisans.

Cricket and Frosts.—August snow, hail, frost, and cloudburst have played the very devil with county cricket finance. This appalling summer has already cost the counties something like £25,000 lost in gate-money. The only redeeming feature of the season was to have been the addition of two more Test Matches, and we were all hoping without hope that Old Trafford would bring more grist to the mill than did the Oval. The stricken counties may expect a small subvention from the profits of the N.Z. tour, but in any case the problems which will face the cricketing authorities at the end of the season will be many and diverse. Once more, presumably, the M.C.C. must tinker with the county scoring arrangements. The efforts of county captains to brighten cricket within the letter of the law have not been well received in all quarters. The worthies of Leicestershire have been thoroughly snubbed for proposing two-day cricket, but deserve praise for the proposal to push the cricket season further down the calendar. September is much more like cricket weather than cubbing and football weather and the dews of autumn then often produce fireworks. If I mistake not, 1931 will bring cricket matters to a head. No more tinkering, but constructive reform if county cricket is to survive. And as with the M.C.C. and county cricket, so with the Government and poor old Britain.

To Be Accurate.—We no longer read in the Press on August 12 that the crack of the rifle was heard early on the moors. But still, as of old, the mist of doubt and inaccuracy hangs over the Highland hills on which sportsmen are now engaged. What do these fellows do with themselves, anyway? Well, now, accuracy is not of great importance in our busy world. Facts are boring things, but there is no harm in correcting a few "damnable errors." For one thing, that hardy annual photograph of a sportsman in a butt loosing off four barrels at a pack of grouse is premature on the 12th. In the Highlands grouse driving seldom begins till about the 20th, and often then the weather and birds are not seasonable for it. On the 12th on the driving moors in the Highlands, the guns and beaters form line and slowly walk up the birds, picking the old birds which rise first and doing as much observing as shooting, this being the first real chance of finding out what the season will bring forth. Grouse "driving" is a different matter and was not invented until the middle of last century. It is very elaborate and extremely scientific, and it takes years and years to get to know the first elements of the business. The object of driving birds was, of course, to overcome the difficulty of getting within shot of the grouse when the coveys had become strong and wary in September and the weather had ceased to be sultry.

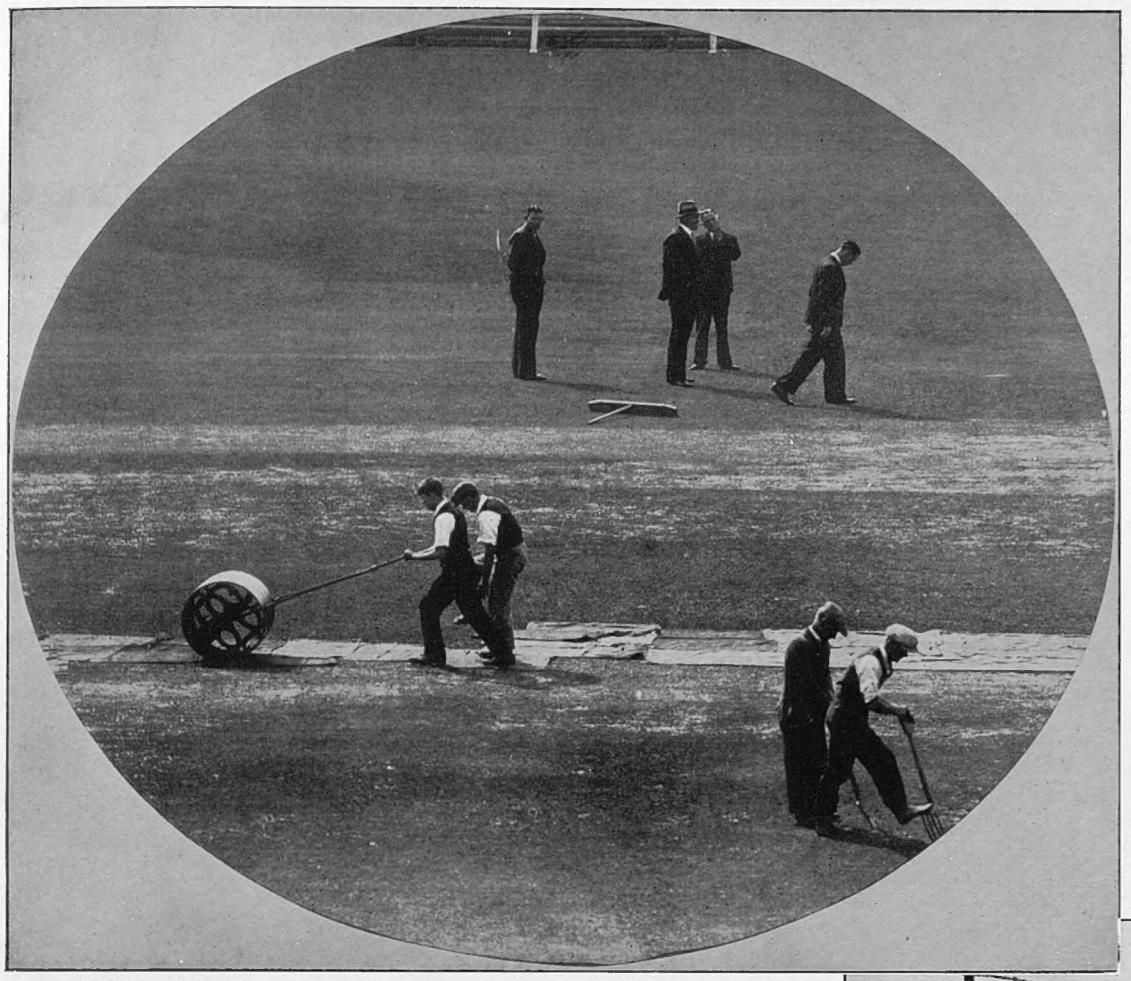
Dogging.—The old way with grouse was, of course, "dogging" the moors. Here the business of finding the coveys was left to highly-trained pointers and setters; sometimes ranging, sometimes leashed and held. When the covey is scented the dog stiffens and stands, and the nearest pair of guns advance on either side. "Dogging" is still the method in use in Skye and many parts of Argyllshire and the West Coast, but elsewhere the noble art has been killed by driving. Here, then, is the grouse-shooting time-table for the non-dogging moors of the Highlands in 1931. August 12–17: Two or three days walking up. August 17 to September 20: Five weeks, of three or four days each, driving under normal conditions. After September 20 the grouse begin to pack, and no elaborate expenditure of time and money on driving is worth while. The whole moor comes over your head in one vast pack. But of course the thrill is if possible greater, and occasional drives are held well into November in very good years. Deer-stalking gets into its swing when the best of the grouse-driving is over, and the stalking season closes with hind-shooting at the tail end of the Highland season.

THE OLD STAGER.

THE AMERICAN INVASION OF SCOTLAND: Mr. J. P. Grace of New York with his son, Mr. Michael Grace, and his daughter, Miss Nora Grace, in the butts at Tarribuckle, Glen Cova. Scotland and its great shoots are invariably frequented by Americans in August and September, and although the U.S.A. has been hit as severely as every other country by the slump, there are many "Yankees at the Court of King Grouse" in 1931!

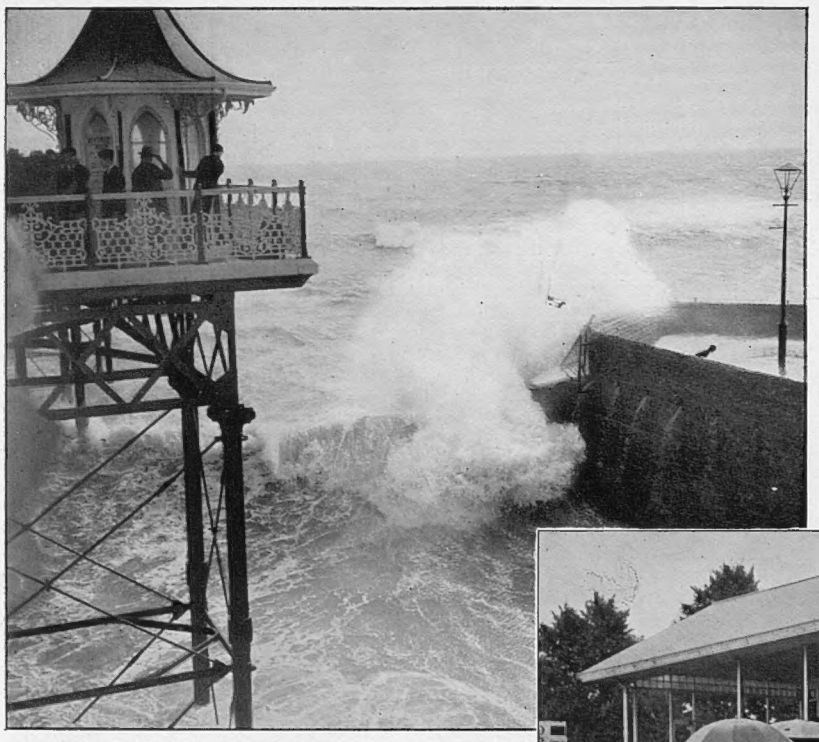
SUMMER *is* HERE ! !

August Studies which rather Recall the Equinoctial Gales of Spring than the Holiday Month of the British Summer



THE TEST MATCH WASH-OUT: Old Trafford, traditionally the wettest ground in the kingdom, eclipsed its previous efforts last week-end when, despite squeegees, buckets, brooms, blotting paper and other devices, not a ball could be bowled in the third Test Match against New Zealand, as the field was under water. The possibility of a fourth contest is being canvassed

A VENICE OF SURREY: A scene at Colliers Wood, near Tooting, last week-end when the River Wandle overflowed its banks and turned the streets to canals—one prevalent feature of the "summer" of 1931



POSEIDON IN ROARING RAGE: The Groynes at Brighton—the breakwaters from the Palace Pier to Black Rock—enable pedestrians to walk along them right over the sea; this is delightful on a calm day, but during the deluge of the recent weeks it has proven at best an exhilarating, at worst a drenching pastime

A POPULOUS CENTRE IN THE RÔLE OF A DESERTED VILLAGE: Blackpool, the popular Lancashire resort, on whose spacious front thousands throng gaily, presents here a mournful appearance with its sparse and umbrella bearing pedestrians, its almost empty street, and its solitary "growler." The many indoor attractions, however, were crowded

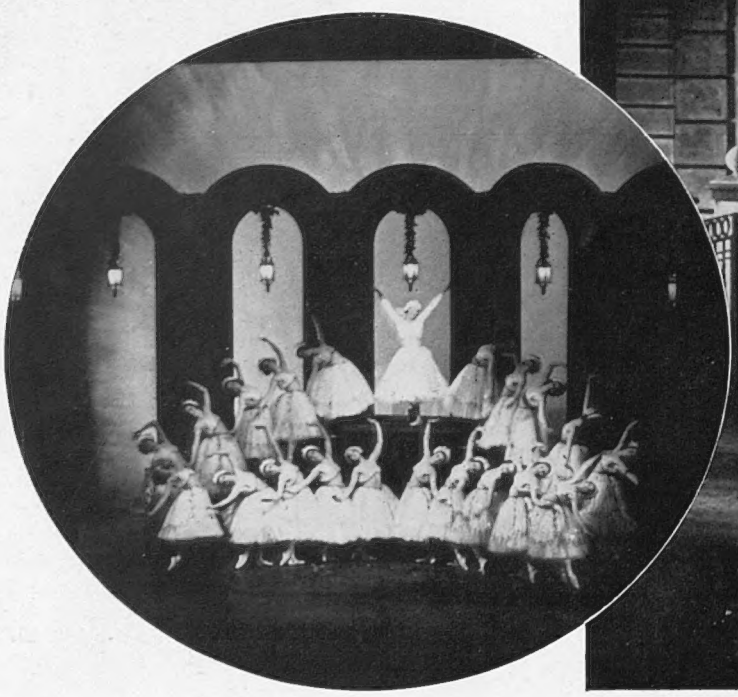
The statisticians have to go back many years to parallel the weather August has brought to us in 1931; hail, cold, gales, and rain unceasing have been our portion. Hundreds of thousands of pounds have been lost at holiday resorts; millions of hours, that should have gone to fitting the nation for a new year's work, wasted. It says much for the vigour and the inherent optimism of the British character that still, at a gleam of sunshine, we rush out, convinced that the weather-tide has turned, and wonder if the curse of St. Swithin is, in part, remitted—only to see the blue obliterated and a recurrence of clouds. As we go to press, there is a break in the downpour. . . . Perhaps, in September, there may be Summer after all.

RACING REFLECTIONS: A scene last Saturday at Windsor, where brilliant sunshine induced a comparatively large attendance, despite the soft going. The main event of the afternoon was "Kissing Cup's Race"—named after a film—scenes of which were taken on Windsor Course. It was a bad meeting for favourites, only two placing, one on Friday and one on Saturday. Racing was one of the few sports not to be ruined—for marred it was—by the deplorable and torrential downpours of the August of 1931

LONDON *Swayed by* "WALTZES *from* VIENNA"

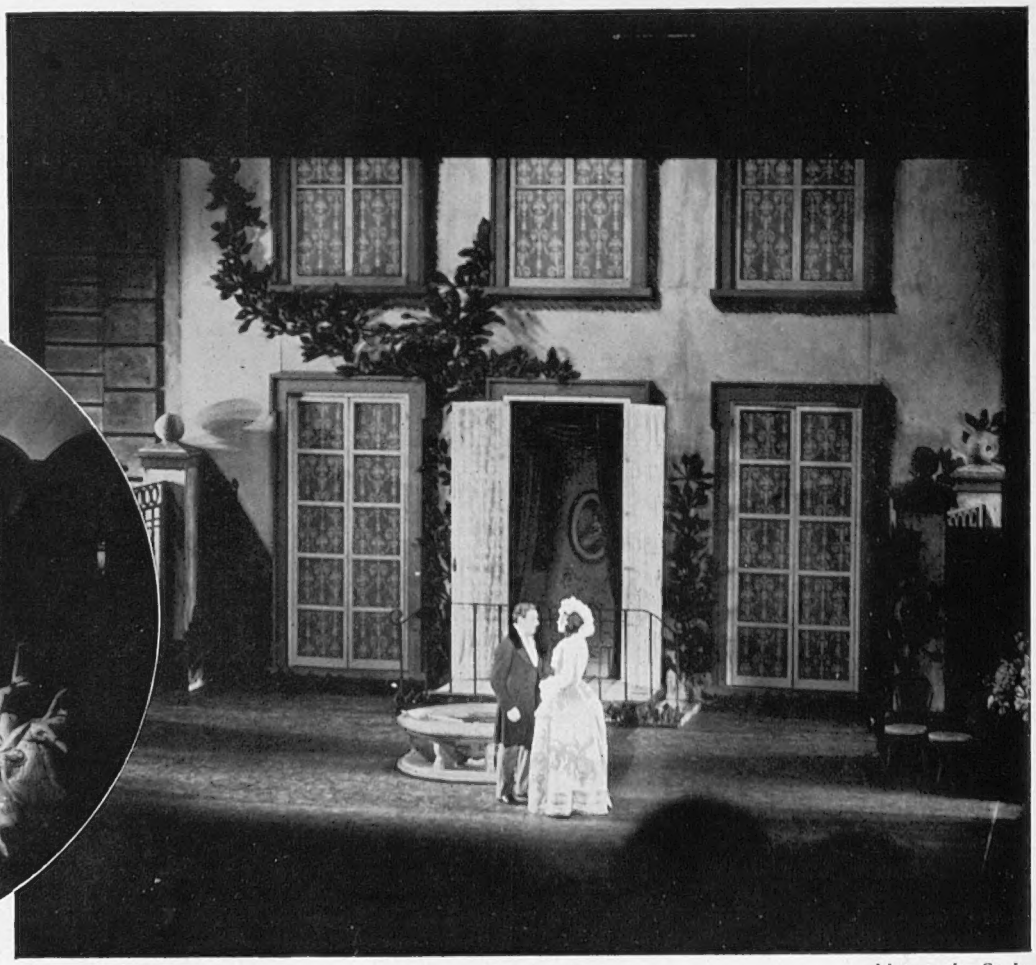
Special Scenes Taken at the Alhambra Première, where a Medley of the Waltzes by the Strausses, Father and Son, Created a Furore that Proves that Love of Melody is not yet Dead in Merrie England

Dresses by Doris Zinkeisen, lighting by Hassard Short, the English-born American expert, music by the Strausses *père et fils*, ballet by Danilova, dances designed by Albertina Rasch, render the new show at the Alhambra, *Waltzes from Vienna*, a notable production. In addition to these figures (save Danilova), behind the scenes Miss Evelyn Herbert, an American singer; Mr. Robert Halliday, who plays the younger Strauss; Mr. Dennis Noble, Miss Marie Burke as a Russian Countess, and Mr. C. V. France as the elder Strauss provide the substance of the play; Messrs. Robert Nainby, Davy Burnaby, and Ambrose Manning, the humour. Akin to *Lilac Time*, save that the lead is Strauss and not Schubert, in sentiment and atmosphere, the play relies primarily upon its melody based on the Viennese waltz tunes. Sir Oswald Stoll bids fair to bring off a notable "double" with *White Horse Inn* at the Coliseum and *Waltzes from Vienna* at the Alhambra



BALLET IN ITS FAMOUS HOME: One of the most attractive features of the new show at the Alhambra is the trio of ballets. To pre-War theatre-goers, these have a great sentimental appeal, for the old Alhambra ballets were famous

THE IMMORTAL WALTZES OF VIENNA: There is not only an orchestra in the ordinary pit of the theatre, but also one on the stage. In the finale of the play, the orchestra from the auditorium joins that on the stage; steps appear, and Johann Strauss the elder walks up to congratulate his son on *The Blue Danube*, of which it might be written "age cannot wither, nor custom stale its infinite"—enchantingness



Pictures by Sasha

VIENNA OF THE MID-NINETEENTH CENTURY; One of the decorative scenes in the lavish production at the Alhambra. Mr. Robert Halliday sings admirably as the younger Strauss; Miss Evelyn Herbert and Miss Marie Burke are also excellent. Danilova heads the ballets with her accustomed skill. It is neither these nor the extravagance of the costume, nor even the justly boomed lighting of Mr. Hassard Short, that will make the show a success. That is due to the music

The *GRAF ZEPPELIN'S* ENGLISH VISIT

The First Aerial "Rubberneck" Tour: The Graf's Twenty-four Hour Circuit of Great Britain

THE ARRIVAL AT HANWORTH: The landing party hauling down the great airship at Hanworth, where she landed, by request, at 7 p.m. A special message was sent requesting Dr. Eckener not to arrive before that hour. Good weather welcomed the airship, but she had to fly most of the night in drenching rain. 50,000 people gave an uproarious welcome to the famous airship, and scenes of unprecedented enthusiasm and excitement marked her hour's stay at Hanworth. The rope-barrier was burst by the crowd

THE COMMANDER: An unusual glimpse of Dr. Eckener in merry mood at a window of the *Graf Zeppelin* as he greets the welcoming cheers at Hanworth

Twenty-four aerial trippers, who paid £30 each, did the twenty-four hour tour of the ***Graf Zeppelin*** over Great Britain. Colonel the Master of Sempill, Lieut.-Colonel Shelmerdine, Director of Civil Aviation, Kathleen, Countess of Drogheda, Lord Inverclyde, and Lord Newborough were among the passengers. Scenes of tumultuous enthusiasm marked the arrival of the ***Graf*** at Hanworth, where she was welcomed by the broadcast strains of ***Deutschland über Alles***

BESIEGED BY THE CROWD AND GUARDED BY MOUNTED POLICE: A close-up of the gondola of the *Graf Zeppelin* at Hanworth. Dr. Eckener is seen at the central window. The route was from Hanworth to the Sussex Coast, the Isle of Wight, Exeter, Teignmouth, to St. David's Head; thence, over the St. George's Channel to Wexford, Waterford, Dublin, Belfast, and to Glasgow (*via* the northern Channel), Edinburgh, and down the East Coast to London

The PASSING PAGEANT *of the* PRESENT DAY

The Latest News in Pictures from the Home Front

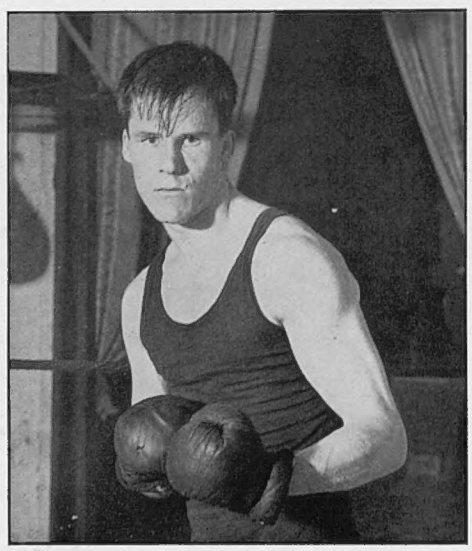
"WE TWA": The Marquess and Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair who were guests at the great fête given by Annie Viscountess Cowdray in honour of the coming of age of her grandson, the Hon. W. J. C. Pearson, at Dunecht House, Aberdeenshire. The Marquess and Marchioness recently published a volume of reminiscences under the title, *We Twa*

HONOURER AND HONOURED: Annie Viscountess Cowdray (right), who gave a great fête in honour of the coming of age of the Hon. W. J. C. Pearson (left), the heir to the peerage. Grandmother and grandson are seen here in the grounds of Dunecht House with the Duke of Atholl. Mr. Churchill, who was educated at Eton, is a Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, T.A. Many distinguished guests were entertained. The Pearsons are, of course, one of the great Liberal families

MAYOR WALKER OF NEW YORK IN GERMANY: The popular and dapper Mayor Walker, of whose *régime* the most conflicting reports are spread, leaves after four days' enthusiasm in Berlin for Franzensbad to take a cure. Mr. Walker is, traditionally, the antithesis of the New York politician

THE LINGUIST OF THE CABINET: Mr. Tom Shaw, the Minister for War, astonished his hearers at the International Congress of Textile Workers (of which he is the General Secretary) in Berlin by delivering his speech in fluent French and German as well as English—all with a Lancashire accent

AN EXPERT SPECTATOR: Miss Betty Carstairs, who has made heroic and repeated attempts on the motor-boating record and who has represented Britain in this sport in America, is here seen *en route* for Detroit, where she will witness Kaye Don's bid to break the record anew in *Miss England II.* It is hoped that Mr. Don will have greater success in his aquatic attempt than he had in his ill-fated terrestrial test at Daytona. Miss Carstairs travelled by the *Berengaria*



THE SON OF A FIGHTING ARTIST: Mr. Edwin John, the son of Mr. Augustus John, R.A., has become a professional boxer. He made his *début* at Croydon Stadium on Monday where he beat Ted Giles. He is seen above training (under Johnny Thomas) at the Corinthian Stadium

THE WORLD'S UNLUCKIEST AIRMAN: Mr. F. C. Chichester comes aboard the aircraft carrier, H.M.A.S. *Camer*. This fine aviator has been dogged by bad luck since 1929. He has just crashed in Japan and wrecked his machine, and was recently held up at Manila for a month

MONEY: THE BURNING QUESTION of the HOUR

The Great Financial Crisis which has Burst Upon Britain Like a Bombshell, Despite its Preliminary Rumblings, is Analysed, its Causes Explained, and the Efforts Made to Combat the Disaster it Portends — A Disaster of Incalculable Magnitude—Expounded

BY A BANKER

The crisis with which England is faced in August, 1931, has in many respects points of similarity with that of August, 1914. Seventeen years ago, although war had been a topic of discussion for many years, the actual declaration of hostilities came like a thunderbolt from the blue, while this year, although the position of our national finances has for long been a source of disquiet to a responsible section of the community, the intensity and suddenness of the present economic crisis have taken the country by surprise. In 1914, Mr. Asquith as head of a tottering Liberal Government found himself acclaimed as the spokesman of a united country, supported by the statesmen of other parties, while to-day Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Socialist head of a minority Government, stands not for party but for England, while other political leaders hurry back to London to assure him of their support. Talk of a "National Government" is in the air.

What, then, is the nature of this crisis which has so suddenly developed? It is a crisis due to the fact that the financial position of the country is unsatisfactory and that, temporarily, foreign opinion seems to be showing signs of nervousness regarding our economic position and the stability of the pound sterling.

Credit is a tender plant, and absolutely unbounded confidence is necessary for its survival. There is no city whose whole existence is so dependent on its credit as is London. London's place in the financial structure of the world is unique. With a stock of gold not much more than a quarter of that of France and one-seventh of that of America, she reigns supreme as banker of the world. The pound sterling is respected wheresover nation trades with nation, and sterling bills, bearing the names of London financial houses, are looked upon as the finest security the world can offer. The London money market, built up through the centuries, the skill and experience of her bankers, the financial integrity of the British Government, the favourable trade balance which we have so long enjoyed, the absolute freedom of our gold market, which ensures that funds deposited in London can always be withdrawn without loss when required, are some of the factors which have contributed to our supreme financial position. The confidence in London and the pound sterling is eloquently proved by the fact that the amount of foreign money deposited with us amounts to about £250,000,000. Anything, then, that might tend to weaken the faith which the world places in London is a grave and serious matter.

In 1914 the name of the Austrian Archduke Ferdinand meant little to most English people, but his murder in an obscure Balkan town was the match that set Europe aflame. Similarly, in 1931, few in England had heard of the Austrian Credit Anstalt. To bankers, of course, it was known as an important Continental bank, but to the man in the street it meant nothing. But in the middle of May this year it was announced that this bank was in difficulties, and had made losses amounting to millions of pounds sterling. The effect of this was electric, and its repercussions have been felt in every part of the world. Austria, during the past few years, has had a chequered career. Under the terms of the Peace Treaty she was reduced to a fraction of her former size, while still retaining the great city of Vienna, once the capital of a great empire. Currency difficulties and trade depressions have been grave burdens for this poor dismembered State. The Credit Anstalt affair caused an acute financial crisis in Austria, and at one time it appeared that there would be a complete economic collapse of the country. However, help was forthcoming from the leading central banks of the world, which rendered great financial assistance. Foremost amongst the helpers was the Bank of England, which promptly granted a credit of £4,000,000 to the Austrian National Bank, and this did much to save the situation.

In the meantime, however, the condition of affairs in Germany began to give cause for renewed fears. The close economic and political association between Germany and Austria caused the lack of confidence to spread to the German position. Talk was revived of postponement of reparation payments. Emergency decrees were issued imposing new taxation in order to improve the situation.

Observing Germany's position, President Hoover launched his scheme for one year's postponement of all Reparation and War Debt payments. This, at first, acted as an international tonic, but confidence was not restored for long. Foreign credits began to be withdrawn and a flight from the mark set in.

The reserves of foreign exchange in the Reichsbank rapidly diminished. Big failures occurred. One of the greatest German banks, the Darmstadter Bank, closed its doors and it seemed that the whole of Germany would collapse. All banks were closed temporarily by a special decree, and when reopened a few days later restrictions were placed on withdrawals. The Berlin Bourse was closed and remains so. It was clear that Germany's salvation could come only from abroad. Her statesmen begged for foreign loans.

Again help was forthcoming, and after many anxious days the Seven-Power conference was held in London when representatives of the Powers decided what help should be granted to Germany by way of granting further credits or the non-withdrawal of existing ones.

The German crisis had an immediate and sensational effect in London. Sterling began to depreciate very heavily and gold was taken from the Bank of England in enormous quantities. This depreciation was due to the withdrawal from London of a substantial portion of the balances lodged here by foreign financial interests. Reasons are not given, of course, for such withdrawals, but many of them were no doubt due to the desire of foreign bankers to strengthen their cash reserves by increasing their holdings of their own currency or of gold. A certain amount, however, were understood to be due to a lack of confidence in the stability of sterling, partly possibly due to exaggerated rumours of British losses in Berlin.

The next event was at home. Just before August Bank Holiday the Report was issued of the Committee on National Expenditure which, under the chairmanship of Sir George May, had been appointed as the result of a resolution passed in the House of Commons on February 11 last to make an examination of our public finances and to recommend reductions in expenditure. Its conclusions were startling, its recommendations drastic.

The report stated with brutal frankness that our Budget for next year would show a deficit of no less than £120,000,000! Recommendations for economies are put forward which in a full year would result in a saving to the Exchequer of £96,578,000. The suggested savings cover much ground, but the largest cut proposed is that for unemployment insurance, which would save £66,500,000. The curtailment of road expenditure would save another £7,750,000 and a further £13,500,000 by reduced salaries for teachers and education expenses.

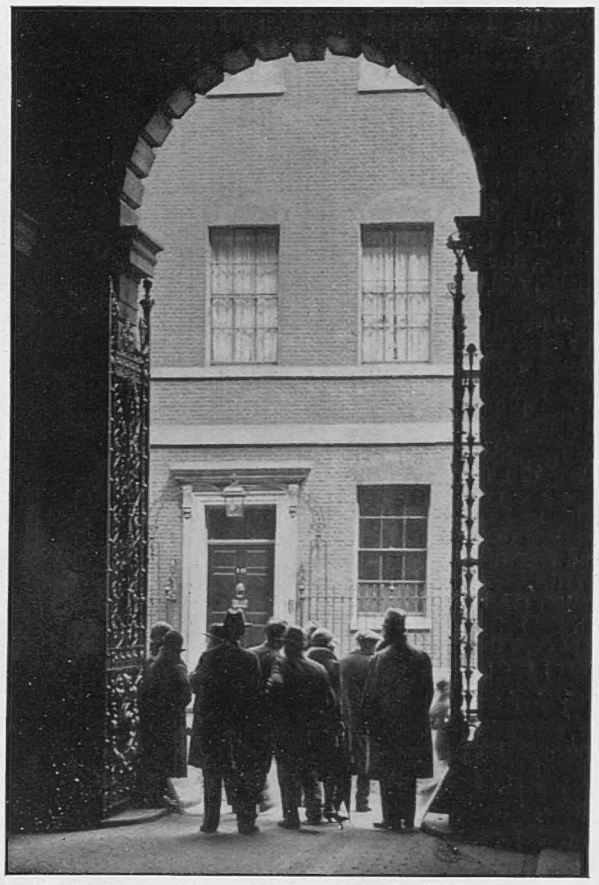
The May Committee had been appointed by Parliament to survey our finances from the domestic point of view, but its report has been read all over the world and the impression made by it on foreign opinion has not been favourable. Overseas a serious view is taken of our position, while in some sections of the foreign press statements have appeared that England is on the verge of collapse.

Why should this opinion be held? The prominence given in the May Report to our forthcoming deficit has naturally given food for thought. There is no surer way to national financial disaster than failure to balance the Budget. Invariably where a nation's credit has gone you will find a record of Budget deficits. A country cannot live beyond its means.

In this troubled post-War world anything might happen and foreign eyes look wonderingly at England. They see our great army of unemployed, our dwindling foreign trade, and now they read of a Budget deficit amounting to £120,000,000. "Is England *really* all right?" they ask. "Funny things do happen, you know."

There is no country in the world to which international conference is so vitally important as it is to England, and our statesmen realize this. They have hastened to declare that our Budget will be balanced at all costs. The Big Five of the Cabinet have formed themselves into a special economy committee to decide how both ends can be made to meet. And they *will* be made to meet.

Economies will have to be effected and additional burdens will have to be placed on the back of the public. All classes will be called upon to make sacrifices.



THE DOOR OF FATE: A section of the crowd, many pressmen among it, waiting at the door of No. 10, Downing Street, to see the various Ministers arrive to take part in the Cabinet Economy Committee Meeting last Monday

One item on which hopes of great savings are centred is the interest on the National Debt. There is outstanding at the moment some £2,000,000,000 of 5 per cent. War Loan, and the annual interest bill for this section of the National Debt alone amounts to £100,000,000. Now 5 per cent. is a very high rate for a British Government to pay for its loans, and it is hoped by a big conversion operation to reduce the amount so payable on War Loan. Plans have already been drawn up by the Treasury, and a favourable opportunity is awaited to put them into operation.

A short time ago, when interest rates were very low, with Bank Rate at 2½ per cent. and with Government securities standing high on the Stock Exchange, it was thought the favourable time had arrived. No action was taken however. Had it been possible to convert the 5 per cent. War Loan to a 4 per cent. basis, a saving of £20,000,000 a year would have resulted. The vital factor in national credit is the scale of its finances, and if the Government of to-day succeed in balancing the Budget the effect on our reputation will be such that our credit will improve, and the rate at which the Government can borrow will fall. Such a state of affairs will be favourable to conversion and further savings will be effected thereby.

Of the ultimate outcome of the present crisis there can be no doubt. The Budget will balance again, and that will remove the doubts from the minds of the nervous foreigners. A balanced Budget in England is, of course, much more than an ordinary balanced budget, as we include in our expenditure large amounts set aside for debt redemption. Last year, for instance, we announced a deficit of £23,000,000, but this was after paying off £66,000,000 from the National Debt. Other countries would have announced a surplus of £43,000,000. Even Sir George May's prospective deficit of £120,000,000 includes £50,000,000 for debt redemption! The standard of British finance is high, and this standard will be maintained in 1931.

LANDMARKS IN THE CRISIS

1931

May 14—Austrian Credit Anstalt in difficulties. Financial crisis in Austria follows. Germany's financial situation causes anxiety.

June 20—Hoover's Reparation and War Debt holiday scheme launched.

July 13—Darmstadter Bank fails.

July 14—All banks in Germany close temporarily.

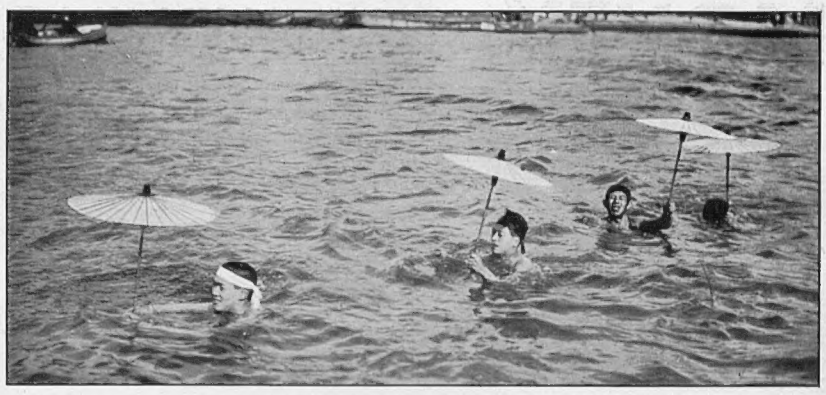
July 15—Sterling depreciates sharply.

July 16—£5,140,691 in gold leaves Bank of England.

July 25—Gold outflow for fortnight reaches £30,000,000.

July 31—May Report issued forecasting Budget deficit of £120,000,000. During July the Bank Rate is increased to 3½ per cent. and subsequently to 4½ per cent.

Aug. 11—Prime Minister returns to London to confer with Chancellor.



IF YOU WENT TO JAPAN, WOULD YOU GO FOR THE SAKE OF THE LEFT-HAND OR THE RIGHT-HAND PICTURE? Too many people take their own culture, diet, and atmosphere abroad with them and get only the least out of travel

WHAT do we TRAVEL FOR?

The National Lust is a Wanderlust: but do We Travel merely to Say We have Travelled; Merely to See Men and Cities; or to Broaden Our Own Ideas by Entering Into the Life of the Land We Visit?

By VERNON BLAIR

Thousands more passports are being issued this year. Steamship companies are reporting a great increase in the number of enquiries. The travel agencies are devising new programmes to suit the popular taste; the universal cry is that of a wandering bird; the national lust is not more than a wanderlust; and famous travellers who have fingered the maps for a new country to explore have laid them aside with exasperation and the hopeless conclusion that the whole world is being tightly girt with steamship lines, railways, the obsequiousness of the foreign hotel proprietor, and the suave travel guide.

We are becoming more "travelled," but are we becoming better travellers? Do we see, hear, and think the atmosphere of other countries, or transplant our own in neat little parcels of patent food, neat little magazines, and neat little expanding suitcases? There lies the real danger.

You go East. And the romantic young maiden, thirsting for the distant view of a desert sheikh (to be pronounced, if you know the species, to rhyme with "make"), and yearning for a smell and a sight of the glamour of that Eastern world, leaps to the porthole and sees ——, and sees the Eastern panorama is a tremendous advertisement for a soap that is found in the village chemist's shop at home.

Pulsing with excitement, she listens for the steady hum of a native city, perhaps even the long cry of the muezzin from the tall tower; even the soft pad of a camel through the dust. . . .

"Very good bargeen for Gladees Cooper!" screams the itinerant seller, who has clambered overboard and thrusts almost through the porthole a silk shawl made in the Midlands.

There's a conjurer on the foredeck, with none of your fanged pythons waving wicked heads from a leather bag, but with a greasy pack of cards like any theatre queue entertainer.

"Mr. Lloyd George try," he says, for there is a humour among the Port Said scallywags that is always slightly behind the times, and is unique in the world. If a lady, you are Gladys Cooper. If a man, then Lloyd George, or lately, Ramsay MacDonald. Bernard Shaw seems to have been forgotten. Even Sophie Tucker has not insinuated her fame into the bazaars of Port Said.

And on the shore, you are either in a pleasant hotel or in a little Oxford Street, save that you haggle for your purchases over a whisky and soda, tasting like the better kind of kerosene, and a cigar.

You are at the gate of the East. Bombay glistens in the morning heat haze. The East at last, definitely separated from the West by those last five days of flat and burning ocean. The great buildings and the domes arise to the unspoilt heaven. The smell that is, that always will be, the East, comes out to greet old travellers and to mystify the new. The old familiar mustiness, rank odour, of the bazaar lies over Bombay.

But here rise to Heaven, too, the stately towers of commerce, and the rival pinnacles of European hospitality. Great gardens, truly western in their order, flank the macadam roads. The Custom houses have the same forbidding and inhospitable atmosphere as any on the western coasts. And you will hear, while breakfasting outside the long, low building of the club, some admissions and some astonishing boasts concerning that morning's early golf. No wonder the romantic young maiden is disappointed.

They feel this difference, too, these romantic travellers. Once I went in a train with a dozen Americans from Lucknow to Delhi. The train rushed through a roaring and glittering heat that tried even experienced sun-haters. The fans in that train dispensed whirling streams of hot air. The water was too hot to use in the taps. The cushions of the seats were hot; the glass at the shutters was too hot to touch; the porters at the stations used rags when they put their hands on the handles.

My Americans wore thick clothes and tight collars. They had not discarded their coats, and they called only for ice—well known to be the least thirst quenching in drinks when taken in any quantity.

They were damp but determined. For they were travellers, seeing the world.

I asked them where they were going. Pop was not certain, but Junior knew very well. They were going to Del*hie*—with the accent on the second syllable. They had been to Lucknow. They had been to Benares. They were going to the Frontier. And they were going back to Bombay, having come from Calcutta, where their boat would be waiting for them. India, said Junior, was very Eastern, and they were glad they had been able to see India. Whereupon Junior, the travelling man, considered that he had put me in my place ("only a resident") and continued his studied reading of the *Saturday Evening Post*.

But I pictured, not the rising crescendo of amazement that was in the hearts and the minds of this middle-class American family as they looked at the Taj Mahal, at the Benares *ghats*, or at the sturdy Pathan, but the magnificent impression to be made in a mid-western parlour when Pop and Momma and Junior brought before the eyes and ears of their listeners all the fantastic animals they had met, the dangers of their blazed trail through the heart of India, and the peril of the busy bazaar, where for a moment they had been separated and alone in a turmoil of dark and evil faces.

They would have forgotten the importuning and whining seller of white carved models at the Taj Mahal. ("Very Good Sahib . . . you pay me three rupees and take this . . . ver good model, real iv'ry . . . all right Sahib two rupees!")

Or the carpet seller at their hotel at Benares. And the strange preference that Pop had for the cool drinks and the shade of the one hotel when all Hindu India waited for their inspection. ("I know I KNOW! But these so-called gawts have been there for some time, Junior, and my thirst is one that may never return.")

Or Lucknow, where the guide had been rather too full of dates and history, where they had tried to step aside to see into a native house ("the real India," whispered Junior in an awed voice), and the guide had persuaded them ever onwards to see new excuses for his string of dates.

Yes, all these were forgotten. There lived only in their minds the glamour of travel, the snobbery of having seen and been, the romance that must be there because the lady novelists said so. They forgot the civilization in the wilds. And that is a good thing, for else the thirst of adventure would never be sated, even in imagination.

But between the parallel lines of civilization that run smoothly round the earth, there are places and incidents which have escaped the hawk-like eye of the enterprising travel guide.

I watched a procession come over the hills, stream into the town, camp in the burnt desert, and prepare for one great night when the tapes of civilization were far away and the sound of the running trains, the hoot of motor cars, and the syrens of the factories were drowned in the howling of a mob, million strong, as it plunged into the waters of the Ganges blessed by the olden gods.

I saw the East as it was, and is, and always will be.

I sat with Gandhi in a time of peace by the side of the river, overlooking the great factories that he would tear down. We talked of peace and war, and little children, and the hope of India, his spinning wheel that he twirled as we talked.

I stood in the gutter of a Lahore bazaar while a mad procession of naked men danced passed, bodies agleam in their sweat, while they lashed themselves with steel-pronged whips, and, still dancing, fell down where they danced in a faint.

I sat through one night on a cane chair in a silken tent, while an aged woman, bent and ugly, shuffled through an interminable dance in honour of that English police officer who sat at my side. Daylight caught the topmost ring of a mosque, and still she twirled and croaked while we yawned approval. They called her Chapunch Churi, or Fifty Six Knife Thrusts, for she bore those marks on her body from the lovers she had wronged.

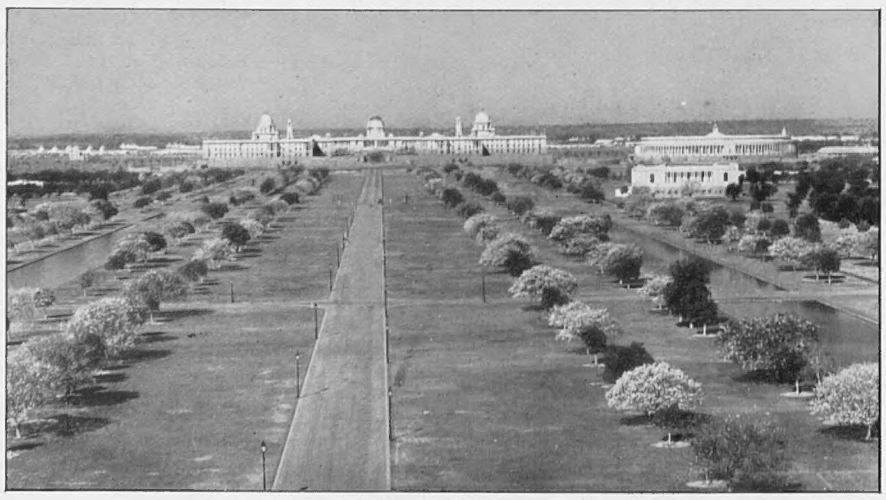
And in Venice, nearer still, swarming with the litter of the camera and the picture postcard, noisy by day with the chatter of a dozen tongues, all in supplication for "the real Venice" . . . in that so workaday Venice I sat in a café at midnight, drinking very bad cognac, and watched a jet-eyed Italian boy, clothes begrimed with his scavenging of the daylight hours, draw in the bold strokes of genius the profile of the girl who leant in admiration across the marble table that was his canvas.

Or in undiscovered England, the simple tradition of legend and history. A hundred yards from the main road into Salisbury a procession wound its way through a tiny village in mid-summer. There were banners and tableaux and white coats that had been handed down from generations long ago for this very hour. There were the branches of young oak trees waved in triumph, for they were stolen from the woods of an earl. And half way through the village pageantry there was a tableau that would have shocked and surprised another onlooker, for there was none other but myself save from the village.

Four men carried a platform on their shoulders. On it was a large sieve used for sifting the meal of horses. And in the sieve seven dolls.

They explained it to me. Once a man of the village left his wife, and returned seven years later. One year afterwards that woman bore seven children at one birth. Still do they celebrate that legend.

Are we good travellers? Do we see the life behind the mellow stones of antiquity, hear the tumult of a nation behind the braying of the guide, see a city's beating heart outside the warm international splendour of an hotel? But at any rate we are "travelled." A strange term!



THE NEW DELHI: A view showing the Kingsway, seen from the Memorial Arch. In the distance is the Viceroy's house. It is almost impossible to realize that but a few years ago this was an impenetrable jungle. It is a matter for congratulation that the architecture is more in harmony with India than the design of the environs, which are too markedly Western

On the Summit of the Kardong Pass: Voyage on a yak

Set, a Pellucid Jewel, in a Circle of Towering Hills: Lake Konsar Nag

STUDIES of the Secret ORIENT

The upper picture shows one portion of the main Central Asian Caravan route, that sixteen miles north of Leh, Ladakh, at an altitude of 17,400 ft. Though ponies are frequently used for carrying merchandise to and from Yarkund over this pass, yaks are more favoured, as being hardier and more sure-footed, especially over the rough boulders, slopes of snow, and ice. Ponies frequently bleed at the nose at this height. The view from the summit of the pass is magnificent, showing the distant snow-covered Karakoram peaks to the north, and to the south the Indus valley, with Leh set like an emerald among the bare brown surrounding hills. This pass is open to caravan traffic between the end of July and end of October, being impassable during the rest of the year owing to snow. The lower view shows Lake Konsar Nag which, situated on the Pir Punjal range, a little over fifty miles south of Srinagar, is one of the highest freshwater lakes in Kashmir — some 13,000 ft. above sea level. It is considered sacred by the Hindus, many of whom make a pilgrimage to it during the summer months. It is described by them as being shaped like a human foot. This lake, frozen over in winter, takes on a wonderful deep shade of greeny-blue in summer, enhanced in its beauty by its glorious setting among high mountains.

Life seems brighter after GUINNESS

"GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU"

G.E.161

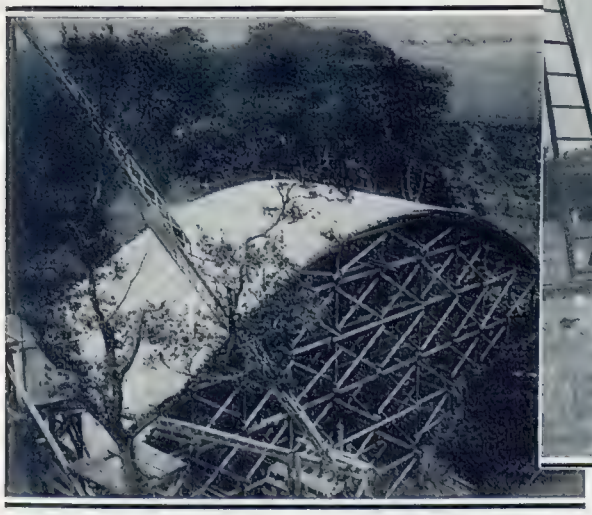
FIRST DIVISION MANŒUVRES: The Aldershot Command, or First Division (less one brigade) is now assembling in preparation for a series of important tests of our mechanicalized army during the next fortnight. Staff officers are seen watching the assembly of the First Guards Brigade on Laffan's Plain

ENGLISH and SCOTTISH Mechanical NEWS in Pictures

THE FALLEN GIANT: The task of moving the *Hannibal*, the gigantic Air Liner, from its forced landing at Tudeley, near Tonbridge, proved a formidable one, as it was found impossible to patch her up sufficiently to permit of a flight to Croydon. The Air Liner has been dismantled and is being transported to London in parts. Above is seen the fuselage which was undamaged

FOR LONDON'S NEWEST HOTEL: The biggest lorry in the world is being used to carry girders for the huge Cumberland Palace Hotel now in course of erection near Marble Arch. The lorry is seventy-five feet long and nine feet wide

LONDON BOUND: The wings of the damaged *Hannibal* being loaded onto a specially constructed truck for the journey to London. An official of the Post Office rode on top of the wings in order to raise the overhead telegraph wires which impeded the journey from Tudeley to Tonbridge



ON THE GREAT NORTH ROAD: This "danger spot" bridge over which all London to Edinburgh traffic must pass, will be a secondary way to the north when this fine bridge over Dunglass Burn is completed

THE ZEPPELIN'S ARC

FILMED:

Scenes from the Remarkable
London by British Movietone
Pictures are here

AFLOAT IN GRAF ZEPPELIN'S *COLLAPSIBLE BOAT: A picture taken just before the start of the expedition*

PASSING OVER HIGH ISLAND CLIFFS from which much of the snow has melted

Uppermost view—Graf Zeppelin's *control cabin is here seen actually touching the floating pack-ice of the Arctic Ocean. The padded buffer under the car is in contact with the ice. The car itself is darkly reflected in the chilly waters. From the huge hull projects a metal ring, part of the wireless equipment of the airship.* The lower view—*The* Graf Zeppelin *is proceeding over the Arctic pack-ice in the neighbourhood of Nordland. The ice is broken into small floes—the water showing as dark channels between the pancake floe. The view is taken from the rearward windows of the control cabin*

THE LAND VIEWED BY THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" FROM THE AIR.

An Extract from the Ship's Narrative.

"The weather compelled us, contrary to our original plan, to visit first Franz-Josef Land. The results there showed the value of intensive exploration work in the Arctic through the airship. We accomplished more within a few hours than could have been done in a whole year's normal work. The landing in drift ice, despite difficult conditions, represents the acid test of the airship's Arctic utility.

"The following important geographical discoveries have been made:

TIC JOURNEY

Film which has Just Been Shown in news, by whose courtesy these reproduced

PREPARING A MEAL IN THE COOK'S GALLEY ON BOARD THE GRAF ZEPPELIN: *The cook, in his efficiently-equipped galley, was in the act of preparing a meal of ham, sausage, cheese, chocolate, cakes and wine as the airship passed over the Arctic Circle. The cook has an excellent view from the slanting windows, which are surrounded by corrugated metal framing*

"Harmsworth Land and Albert Edward Land are non-existent. Ermitage is a peninsula. Alexander Land is entirely different from its cartographical presentation hitherto. On the Taymir Peninsula is a range of mountains averaging over 3,000 ft. in height.

"In the north-east of Franz-Josef Land, White Island and Nasen Island have been photographed topographically. In the British Channel several islands have been discovered which will be named after the flight.

"Despite repeated warnings against a direct flight from Franz-Josef Land to Northern Land, because these places in July, owing to the fog and ice formation, are the most dangerous parts of the entire Arctic, we covered this stretch in four hours."

In centre—*The wireless operator keeping in touch with Berlin. For some thirty hours connection was lost with the Zeppelin but was later satisfactorily regained.* Lower view—*The Zeppelin is here seen passing over a steep cliff unusually eroded, and flecked here and there with patches of last season's snow. The cinema man must have had an airy perch from which he obtained this view. Movietonenews are to be congratulated on the excellence of this film, which gives an extraordinarily vivid impression of the* Graf Zeppelin's *recent trip across the northern islands over the Arctic Ocean ice-pack*

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

SCHUPO ON THE WATER: A vignette of police work in the neighbourhood of Berlin. The water guard police of the German capital are inspecting a canal boat on the Spree. Schupo is a new word which has gained currency during the past few years. It signifies semi-military police action—the word is too new to be found in ordinary dictionaries

YOUTH AS PREY.—The dynamic energy, receptiveness, emotionalism, and idealism of Youth—subjects of Maturity's envy, analysis, condemnation, or toleration, ever since Cain first raised the problem of the Younger Generation—are increasingly in demand as motive power for Revolution or Evolution, peace or progress.

Never before in the world's history has Youth enjoyed such prestige, or been so courted by the Rulers and Elders of its generation. Youth represents the Future. It is acclaimed as both prudent and meritorious for an individual to insure the future of his dependants. No less responsibility attaches to the helmsmen of a people or a nation.

Soviet Russia, working to materialize the Five-Year Plan as a basis for the future, ruthlessly exploits the adult and ageing population for their purpose, at the same time cultivating, educating, and shepherding the younger generation as insurance for the continuation and progressive propaganda of their Bolshevik ideals.

Mussolini and the Pope, principals in an historical difference between Church and State, are admittedly fighting for possession of the youth of Italy.

Captain Hermann Goering, chief lieutenant of Adolf Hitler, told me in Berlin the other day that Hitler had set himself out to capture the youth of Germany, and that nothing gives him more confidence or satisfaction than the fact that Young Germany rallies round him with its inestimable contribution of years-in-hand and enthusiasm.

While the youth of a country is in fact the richest treasure in the coffers of its destiny, the investment of its years is best left to the experienced and mature.

"World Peace from the Hands of our Children." That is the slogan of Den-ichi Ishii, who calls himself the "Children's Ambassador." For seven years he and his associates have been working for the promotion of peace and international friendship through the youth of the world. "It is the children of the world of this generation who will be responsible for world peace and international friendship," Mr. Ishii says.

This peace-minded Japanese travels round the world (he is somewhere in Europe now) visiting schools, giving lectures and cinema shows to the boys and girls of all nations, showing them how their contemporaries in other countries live and play. He tries to invest them with the world-family idea.

Before the great earthquake in 1923, Mr. Ishii was a business man. At the moment of the catastrophe he happened to be presiding at some function held in the Hiratsuka Primary School, near Yokohama. The school building collapsed, and he was pinned under the ruins for more than three hours. During that time of agony he vowed that if his life was saved he would devote it to schoolchildren. "It is for *them*, through co-operation of our comrades all over the world, that we undertake this step to abolish war."

Financed by Japanese merchants, who sincerely desire peace and the prosperity it ensures, Mr. Ishii spends his years endeavouring to foster international understanding and sympathy.

This "Children's Ambassador" is on a saner track than those who encourage missions of "Child Ambassadors" of goodwill and friendship from one country to another. It may be a pretty social gesture, but is prejudicial to the youthful mentality and to a national sense of values.

Sentimentalism is the pitfall of the age.

Constructively to exploit Youth for its own good and national salvation involves a stiffer task than telling the young that the world is full of little brothers and sisters, or organizing pilgrimages to Geneva.

THE NEW GERMANY.—Germany's formal debut as a post-War world Power, approaching rapidly, may shock those whose attempted severe tutelage had as object the reduction to anæmic subjection of Germania, sentenced at Versailles. Forbidden participation in colonial and many other external activities, figuratively helpless under the ban against war-machinery, Germany now twelve years in the "Reformatory" has concentrated her interest, energy, and enterprise upon the development of science, industry, commerce, physical improvement of the nation, and scientific measures of defence. Germania, debutante, will prove a well-developed problem with a load of mischief in her sharpened wits. The boomerang of suppression policy may return unpleasantly loaded.

Germany is determined to win back her place in the sun.

Political chaos, absence of national unity, bungling of diplomacy, lack of a supreme national personality at present render impracticable anything like an organized plan towards national economic independence. A nation's greatest are by no means always included amongst her political leaders. While to-day the fabric of her contemporary history is being woven with rotted threads, occasionally tangled into a noose, steel for her future armouries, power for her Robots, grist for her trade-mills, riches for her granaries, fertilizers for her soil are being wrought, gleaned from the elements, manufactured, developed, and invented in the hundreds of research laboratories which are now more than ever the arteries of her vitality. The furnaces, crucibles, retorts, and stills of her twentieth-century wizards are working overtime at the transmutation of Defeat into Victory, with the Philosopher's Stone of fanatical tenacity.

Although Germany's population is only one-half that of the United States, the German Government last year issued nearly as many patents as America. All but six or seven per cent. were German. Statistics reveal the amazing increase in the number of patents issued in Germany during the last three years. Chemicals increased from 602 in 1928 to 1,430 in 1930; electrical inventions, from 1,800 in 1928 to 3,738 in 1930; firearms, munition, and arms in general, from 85 in 1928 to 235 in 1930; navigation, from 82 in 1928 to 184 in 1930; gas, from 58 in 1928 to 114 in 1930; explosives from 26 in 1928 to 88 in 1930; machines, from 445 in 1929 to 927 in 1930; fertilizers from 6 in 1928 to 73 in 1930. These figures tell their own story. Judging from the tremendous activity and impulse which I have observed in Germany this year, the 1931 statistics may well reveal a proportionately higher percentage of increase. The patents include protection against poison gas dropped by enemy bombers by means of rapidly released artificial fog, which not only blinds the approaching enemy but possesses the quality of neutralizing the poison-gas itself. That has been experimented by Professor Wilhelm Schlenk, gas expert of the German Reichs Army, and Professor Karl Hofmann, of the Berlin Institute of Technology. Professor Hofmann is also responsible for another gas which can paralyse the mechanized army of the enemy by bringing aeroplane motors to a standstill in mid-air, stopping tanks, automobiles, etc., on the road. Professor Wilhelm Gluudt of the Dortmund Institute of Coal Research, has succeeded in extracting albumin equal to that contained in man's most valuable food such as eggs, butter, milk—from coal.

From the brown, inferior coal of which Germany possesses vast supplies, Professor Friederich Bergius has discovered how to extract oil. Last year 300,000 tons of synthetic petrol were produced in German factories. It is estimated that in two years' time Germany will be independent of foreign fuel for her Diesel engines, power-plants, motors, aircraft, and ships. A new kind of wheat, which will flourish on soil where only rye would grow before, has been cultivated by Professor Erwin Baur, head of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute of Agricultural Research. He previously discovered a tobacco plant without nicotine, and potatoes resisting frost.

RUMANIA'S CORRECT-ITUDE.—Rumania, supreme in romance amongst the piquant Balkan States, is turning its back on frivolity. King Carol's old tutor, Professor Jorga, who recently became Prime Minister, lost no time in beginning a campaign to sober down Bucharest, the "Little Paris" of the Balkans. Three days after the new Government entered office, Premier Jorga issued a decree forbidding "painted female employées" to enter State offices while on duty.

Following a similar order from the headmaster of a Rumanian school to his pupils forbidding the use of lipsticks, powders, etc., the girls replied in the Press:

> We decline to be brought up by ante-diluvian methods. Rouged lips, polished finger-nails, and waved hair are more important to us than the knowledge of Latin, Greek, or other insignificant matters. We do not wish to be as ugly as our grandmothers, and think marriages are more valuable than fine school certificates.

Another blow at the romance we have been taught to expect from those colourful countries was the law passed a few months ago, by which Rumanian officers must marry girls with a sufficiently large dowry to render them capable of contributing to the household expenses. The officers receive such small pay that, unless the wife has an income of her own, family obligations force the couple to live on a low economic level, beneath the dignity of the Rumanian Army. No officer under the rank of captain, I understand, may marry a woman who has not an income of at least 40,000 lei a year. That is to-day roughly about £48. The dowry-capital to provide the stipulated minimum income is a large sum of money in Rumania. Very few of the professional classes, civil servants, and least of all fellow-officers could afford the required dowry for each of his daughters. Thus an unrestricted field of courtship is the privilege of the rich officer only.

MUSICAL COOKS COMING.—The gift of song is returning to England, according to Mr. H. Plunket Greene, one of the four British adjudicators in the Manitoba Musical Festival. He believes that the English are the most musical people in the world to-day, expressing themselves in the 200 or more song and folk-dance festivals held in this country every year. Madrigals, rounds, community singing are all indications, but the real proof of British melody-consciousness will come when we revert to Elizabethan standards of musical requirements for domestic servants.

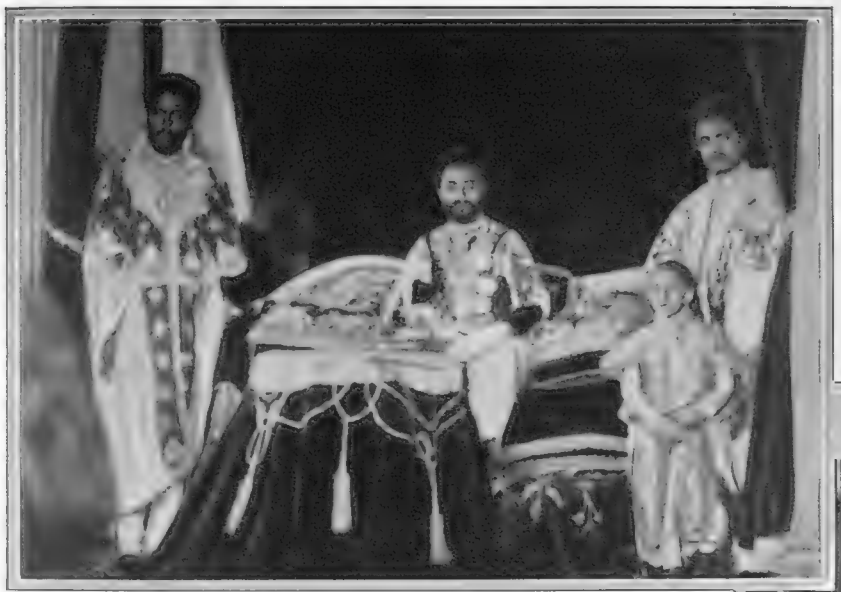
"In the Golden Age of Elizabeth," Mr. Greene explained "one of the qualifications of a cook was her ability to take part in the singing of a madrigal when called upon. This will shortly again become one of the indispensable qualities of the modern cook-general."

CANADIAN GRENADIER GUARDS: The very British appearance of this picture is due to the fact that the Canadian Grenadier Guards wear bearskins and tunics almost identical with those of our own Grenadier Guards. His Excellency Lord Bessborough, Governor-General of Canada, is seen inspecting the Guard of Honour supplied by the Canadian Grenadier Guards (allied with the Grenadier Guards) on the occasion of an exchange of visits between His Excellency and Vice-Admiral Vernon H. S. Haggard, C.B., C.M.G., Commander-in-Chief of American and West Indies Squadron, at Montreal on July 31

"THE SPHERE" SURVEYS THE WORLD

AMONG THE ALSATIANS: M. Laval, France's Prime Minister, last week received a picturesque deputation of Alsatian choristers. The banners and emblems carried by the party added a further note of colour. M. Laval in centre

BACK TO THE SCENE OF FORMER TRIUMPHS: The most recent picture of the German ex-Crown Prince Wilhelm, who came to Berlin a few days ago in order to attend the military festivities held in connection with the Pioneer Guard



THE CONSTITUTION OF ETHIOPIA: His Majesty the Emperor of Ethiopia on his throne during the proclamation of the first Ethiopian Government held in the Throne Room of the Imperial Guebi. The ceremony was attended by many European and Ethiopian dignitaries

JAPANESE JUSTICE: Some of the judges who sat at the trial of thirty-eight Communists at the Tokio court recently. The gowns with embroidered button-up collars strike a quaint note to western eyes. The chief judge, Mr. Miyagi, is seen in the centre

EVEN JAPANESE GIRLS LOVE A SAILOR: Undaunted by the weather a large number of girls, whose protection against the rain varied from the prosaic European umbrella to the multi-coloured native sunshade, looked over the flagship Nagato *on the occasion of the Japanese First Fleet's visit to Osaka Bay. The warship* Yamashiro *is seen in the background*

AFRICA IN FRANCE: A reproduction of an African Missirri at Fréjus, complete with projecting tusks or prongs

A MAKER of TEMPLES

The Unusual Life Task of a French Colonel

Certainly never was a position given to a man more fitted to fill it than the recent appointment of Colonel E. Lame to the command of the immense French military encampment for coloured soldiers at Fréjus, in the South of France. Due to his idea, the most remarkable experiment in international relations concerning many varied races ever attempted by a governing State has been made a successful reality.

All is due solely to the initiative of this one man, whose background of sixteen years of peculiarly special training alone made possible the idea.

A quarter of a century ago, when Colonel Lame, then a young officer just through the so difficult training of the French Military Academy, looked toward the future, he chose foreign service. In Africa he spent five vivid years, ranging from Senegal to Madagascar. Always he was interested in native life, languages, and most particularly their varied religions.

COLONEL E. LAME, Commander at Fréjus, who has successfully carried out a complete temple building programme

At the end of five years he was transferred to French Indo-China. Here he embarked upon mastering the Annamite language, one of the most difficult of tongues. He passed his examinations in the "higher" tongue, and also became fluent in that of the coolies. Simultaneously he took up the study of Buddhism. Thus it was at the end of eleven years he became the only officer in the French Army with a perfect command of the two languages of this people. He was made a Mandarin, an honour seldom conferred on white men. All of which happenings would seem almost like the pointing of the hand of destiny towards Fréjus, where all the particularly acquired knowledge and experience of sixteen years in dealing with men of many races was so needed.

Fréjus, 2,000 years ago, was a famous Roman military post. And to-day the French, repeating history, use the spot for the same purpose. Here are received all the conscripts of the various coloured races to-day subject to France—men from so varied lands as Senegal, the Sudan, Madagascar, and Indo-China; yellow men and blacks of many shades. From 3,000 to 5,000 are quartered here all the time. After various periods of learning military duties and comportment in a land of white civilization, the conscripts are apportioned out to various garrisons. But it is to Fréjus all come first.

And when Colonel Lame took command his sympathies went out to all these mere boys. Homesick, bewildered in such different surroundings, there was nothing familiar to cheer them.

It was then that the Commander's years of dwelling in the lands of all these various men, his profound interest and study of their customs and religion, started his thought turning toward finding something that would make the alien surroundings more homelike to the heart-sick arrivals.

In this he had the climate to aid him. While not tropical the temperature at Fréjus is the nearest comparable to that which most of the colonials are accustomed to. The Colonel had many additional palm trees set out. And then he began his programme of construction in transplanting temples which makes the experiment at Fréjus unique in the history of military annals.

For the Colonel's study in different climes had taught him the importance religion played in all these men's lives. Though these black and yellow men under his charge were poles apart in belief and methods of worship, all had a religion varying from the highly philosophic tenets of the Buddhist Annamites to the war-like religion of Muhammad, and the still immensely older and more primitive religion of Fetishism that goes back to the beginning of time.

In carrying out his work he received the approval and assistance of the French Government which showed a religious toleration including even the fetishism just mentioned.

AN AFRICAN FÊTE AT FRÉJUS: A king of one of the Senegalese tribes is seated in state, wearing a top hat, without which, to-day, no African king feels properly dressed

In the heart of that part of the immense camp where certain portions of the Sudanese and Senegalese troops are quartered who are Muhammadans, the Colonel erected a concrete replica of the same Missirri which are to be found in the average native village in Africa.

In addition to these there is a Buddhistic Pagoda for the troops from Annam, the striking part about the temple being that every bit of the work has been done by common soldiers, who also modelled a couple of large Buddha figures.

AFTER THE HELIUM GAS TEST: When the 6 ft. helium shell was tested to bursting point the fragments fell as here shown. None of the fractures were at the welding point

The FIRE HAZARD to DIRIGIBLES

A Question which the U.S.S. "Akron" Raises Anew

The world is probably fast coming to the conclusion that dirigibles should be inflated with helium, and that such inflammable gases as hydrogen and city gas are to be avoided. The principal reasons for giving the preference to helium over hydrogen are that the former is non-inflammable and non-explosive, while hydrogen is both explosive and inflammable. Balloons filled with hydrogen have been ignited both by flaming bullets and by atmospheric electricity. Mixtures of hydrogen and air are explosive, especially when there is twice as much hydrogen as air, by volume. Hydrogen has a great advantage because of its extreme lightness, and because of its economic and other availability. However, helium is the next lightest gas; and, despite the fact that its density, or specific gravity, is twice that of hydrogen, the difference in lifting power is not considerable, this difference being a loss of only 8 per cent. of the buoyancy of hydrogen. A much more difficult thing relates to supply. The cost of production, under favourable circumstances, has been brought down to a reasonable figure. However, the characteristics of the source of supply play their parts in the expense of manufacturing.

A HELIUM TANK CAR: The gas is here under pressure of 2,000 lb. per sq. in. When released this same gas measures 2 million cubic ft.

Helium has been known, in a way, since the third quarter of the nineteenth century, when a hitherto unknown substance was discovered, spectroscopically, in the sun, and given the name helium, *helios* being the Greek word for the great luminary. It is one of the inert constituents of our atmosphere, but apparently occurs in the lower stratum only in insufficient amount. It is a product of the disintegration of radium, and its presence in the atmosphere may be due to this fact.

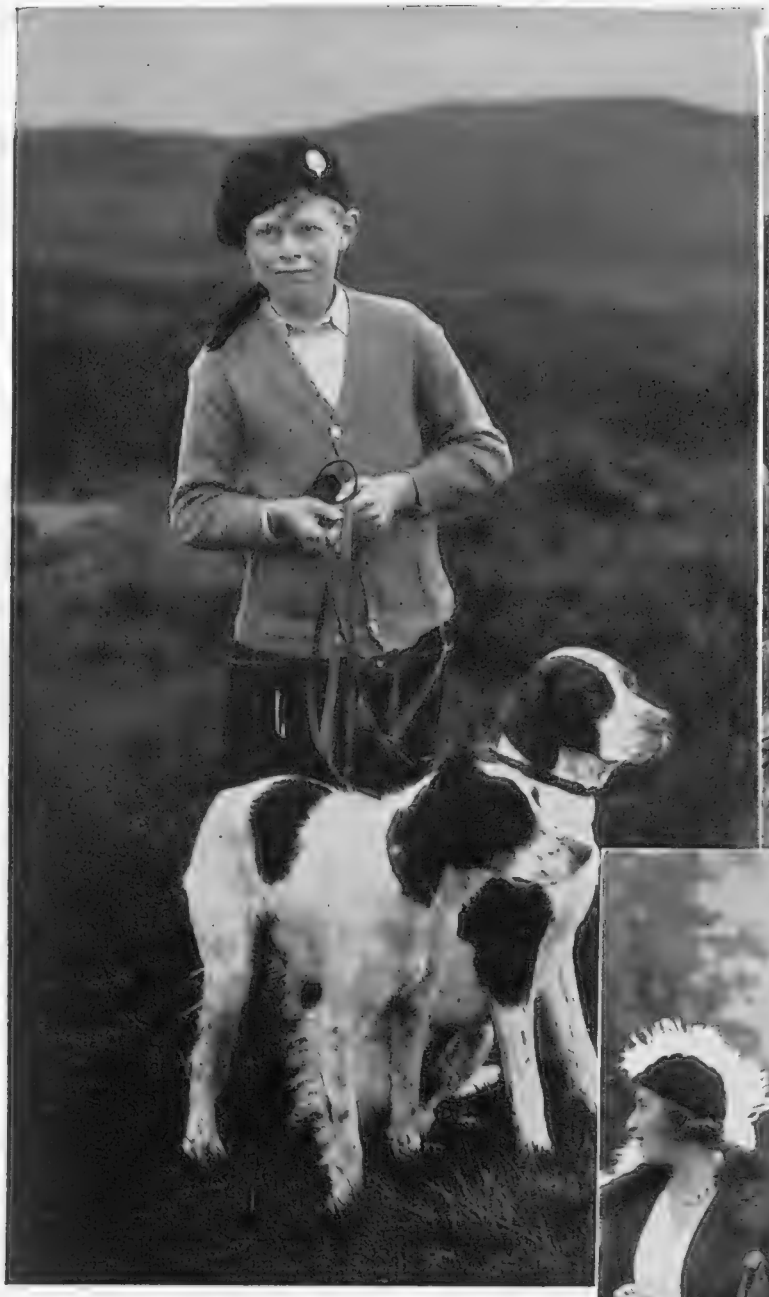
At the present time the only considerable source of helium appears to be natural-gas wells. This inert gas occurs in the product of certain of such wells in varying proportions, all of them small. Even at Amarillo, in Texas, where helium is produced in quantity, the content is only 1·76 per cent. of the natural product of the wells. And probably the commercially-produced helium is considerably less. The desired gas has been found in Canada, New Zealand, Japan, and at points in the United States other than those in Texas.

At Amarillo, helium is separated from certain of the numerous other constituents of the natural gas by a process which reverses the operation usually observed in distilling one liquid from a mixture of liquids. The distillation procedure is a very ancient one and may be roughly described as operating by the application of heat, the various constituents vaporizing off at their several boiling points.

At Amarillo this process is reversed. That is to say, helium is obtained from a mixture of gases by cooling down the whole. As the several boiling points are reached by approaching them through the removal of heat, constituent after constituent becomes liquid and may accordingly be separated from the main body of gases. As helium itself has the lowest boiling point of all gases (—268 deg. C.), it is unnecessary to liquefy it.

Having obtained your helium, the next thing is its safe conveyance from place to place. A big concern having experience in pressure containers has experimented with a huge steel shell of globular shape with a view to producing a satisfactory container for the shipment of helium under pressure. As it was desirable to know what would happen when these containers had to undergo a railway accident, the corporation sent a railroad car loaded with the sphere and two big metal cylinders, one in front and one behind the sphere, over an embankment at 20 m.p.h. The globe survived intact. It would appear by this test and other experiences that we may reasonably expect that helium can be compressed heavily into big steel containers well able to withstand shipment by sea and land.

A WRECK MADE TO ORDER: A sphere of helium gas was propelled over the embankment at 20 miles per hour between two cylindrical shells



A YOUNG HIGHLANDER: Silhouetted against the distant hills, this Highland lad makes a goodly picture. Many a reader, cabin'd in town, will wish he were beside this handsome pair of pointers

A SCOTTISH PANNIER PONY JOINS THE LUNCHEON PARTY: Snowball, the Pannier Pony, is here seen at the pointer and setter trials at Bolfracks, Aberfeldy, joining the luncheon party at the mid-day break

THE MASTER OF GLAMIS WITH THE HON. CECILIA BOWES-LYON: At Glamis Castle

A TOUCH OF NORTHERN HUMOUR RELIEVES A LOCAL FETE: Mr. Gilbert Ramsay of Whitehouse has a merry word with Mrs. Duncan of Drumfork, Forfar

SHOOTING ON HIS OWN GROUND AT ABERFOYLE: Capt. Ralph Joynson with Mr. MacDonald Doughty, who is wearing the kilt

Pilgrims to the North are of many races, but here we see something on this page of the genuine Scottish cut—including the pannier pony. There is a face and form of special build necessary to the proper filling out of Highland rig

THE SCOTTISH CUT

There was a Big Movement to the North Last Week by Rail and Road—Rather Less by the Latter—to Judge from the Big Number of Cars Taken by Rail as Far as the Lowlands. Trains Ran in Some Cases in Five Sections

The GROUSE Reigns Once MORE

Scenes from the Highlands of Scotland

IN FLIGHT TOWARD THE BUTTS: The driven birds caught by the camera on the wing during a drive on a grouse moor near Gareloch

UP THROUGH THE BRACKEN TO THE FIRST BUTTS: The first stage in the day's shoot is the slow procession upwards from the low cultivated or grazing ground to the windy heights where the birds will fly over the bracken and heather

CLOUDS HANGING LOW OVER GROUSE MOOR: Guns out in thi of Western Perthshire. Birds were plentiful, if rather wil

TREKKING TO THE HEIGHTS AT RIEMORE: leads his party, which includes his three sons, to the gr

CRIANLARICH
his splendid corner
e reported to be
ld

Colonel A. M. P. Lyle
ound above Loch Ordie

THROUGH THE HEATHER TO THE WELCOME LUNCH BASKETS: A characteristic Perthshire scene at Murthly Castle, Murthly. These are the Rohalian moors in the foreground, backed by hills through which the bare rock protrudes. Weather permitting, there are excellent prospects for heavy bags on these moors

WATER FLOWING IN THE DESERT—AN ARTESIAN WELL BUBBLING UP IN THE CENTRE OF TOUGOURT—AN EXAMPLE OF FRENCH IRRIGATION EFFORT

THE DEPARTURE OF THE CARS FROM BENGHAZI THROUGH THE DECORATED STREETS OF THE TRIPOLITAN CAPITAL

ITALIAN AEROPLANES ESCORTING THE CARS DURING THEIR PASSAGE ACROSS THE LIBYAN DESERT

THE CARS DRAWN UP FOR A TEMPORARY HALT DURING THEIR PASSAGE SOUTHWARDS

AN ALFRESCO MEAL DURING THE ITALIAN RAID INTO THE LIBYAN DESERT

OPENING DESERT AFRICA

A Motor-car Raid Across the Libyan Desert

Libya, the oldest and at the same time the youngest of the Italian colonies, is again claiming the attention of the world. Two thousand years ago she flourished greatly under the dominion of Rome, but with the fall of the Empire became debatable ground, was conquered and ruled by many different nations; became impoverished, and lost her position and importance as a Power.

In 1912, under the Treaty of Lausanne, Italy regained her long-lost African colony. But, though by the provisions of the Treaty, she was declared to be the rightful owner of Tripolitania and Cyrenaica (the two provinces which together form the colony of Libya), there first had to be war with the Turks, followed by continual revolts and Arab raids, ere the claim of the Italians was recognized. Only three years ago, from Benghazi (Cyrenaica) to Misurata (Tripoli), the country was up in rebellion, and severe measures were necessary before peace came at last. To-day, not only is the district quite safe and the Arabs contentedly attending to their flocks and herds and pasture lands, but a road has been laid out across the desert connecting the capital cities of the two provinces.

To inagurate this new roadway across 600 miles of steppe and desert, a "Motor-raid" on Tripoli was recently organized by His Excellency, General Graziani, Governor of Cyrenaica, to whom the country owes its present prosperous and happy condition. At midnight twenty-two automobiles (owner-driven) and the very necessary baggage camions assembled in the main square of Benghazi. The town was illuminated. Bands played. The whole population turned out to see the "Raiders" start amid the enthusiastic cheers of the crowd.

Purring along the perfect road in single file, we advanced across the moonlit plain and reached Port Ghemines as the sun rose and the call to prayer rang out from the Mosques. Here His Excellency reviewed the troops and the car took the road again. This was the beginning of the rolling steppes of the desert and the new roadway. Never before had any peaceful citizens been in these parts; only one or two intrepid explorers had endeavoured to penetrate its secrets with but poor success. It was the home of war-like, predatory Arab tribes always on the move, always prepared to attack anyone who might invade their domain. Now all is absolutely quiet and safe. The measureless distances, the curious sameness, and the perfect silence give an extraordinary sensation of space and serenity; it is a wonderful experience. The ever-changing lights relieve the monotony of the boundless sea of sand and the rough, stony steppes. The exquisite "Fantasia di Fata Morgana" (mirage) produces amazing illusions. We saw a White City of extraordinary beauty overhanging a crystal lake. We longed to arrive, but as we got nearer it disappeared in a mist. Feathery palms mirrored in blue waters retreated farther and farther away in the distance and sank into the sand. Amazing delusions! not the optical delusion of any one person only!

Every now and then we passed outposts of Saharan troops who act as *gardes champêtres*, and here and there a few men mounted on camels could be seen immovable on the sky line. At one point the road touches the coast, and for some miles the cars ran over sand as hard as a motor-track. We followed the shore as far as Sirte, a picturesque hill-top fortress, where the garrison turned out to greet the Governor. The men lined the steep incline and, as we passed, saluted by giving their war-cry and raising their rifles arm high. Here we passed the night entertained by the officers—their first visitors.

The next day we spent in the true Libyan desert again. Tufts of desert weed and coarse grass give an appearance of rough moorland at a distance, but near by one sees how far apart the clumps of scrub are really growing. A few sheep and camels still find a sparse pasture and seem content.

A couple of camel caravans passed us, carrying fodder to the forts; the camels carry their heads scornfully as if deriding the invading automobiles—those poor machines which *must* drink daily!

This was the last lap of the new road and, after three days in the desert, the palms of Misurata looked lovely indeed. Here we rejoined the splendid metalled track and soon arrived at Leptis-Magna where we stopped to see the famous Roman ruins—magnificent indeed! Another two hours brought us to Tripoli. There we drew up in front of the palace of His Excellency Marshal Badolio, Governor-General of Libya, who, with his staff and a large company, received the "invaders of his territory."

The difficulties of the desert road were often great where the shifting sand had obliterated the track, and the cars had to make their way across the rough, stony steppes, up and down short, steep inclines, sometimes running into sandy hollows; but the entire party kept well together throughout the four days' run, and at every halt the camions were on the spot with camp outfit and food for the seventy raiders. From time to time aeroplanes watched over us and brought our daily post. The only accidents during the entire journey were very occasional tyre troubles.

Although the new road is mainly of political and economic importance to the colonies, the achievement will be of real value to future travellers and tourists. We offer our homage to all who have contributed to this wonderful opening up of the hitherto unknown Libyan desert.

Margaret M. McNeil.

SURPLUS WHEAT

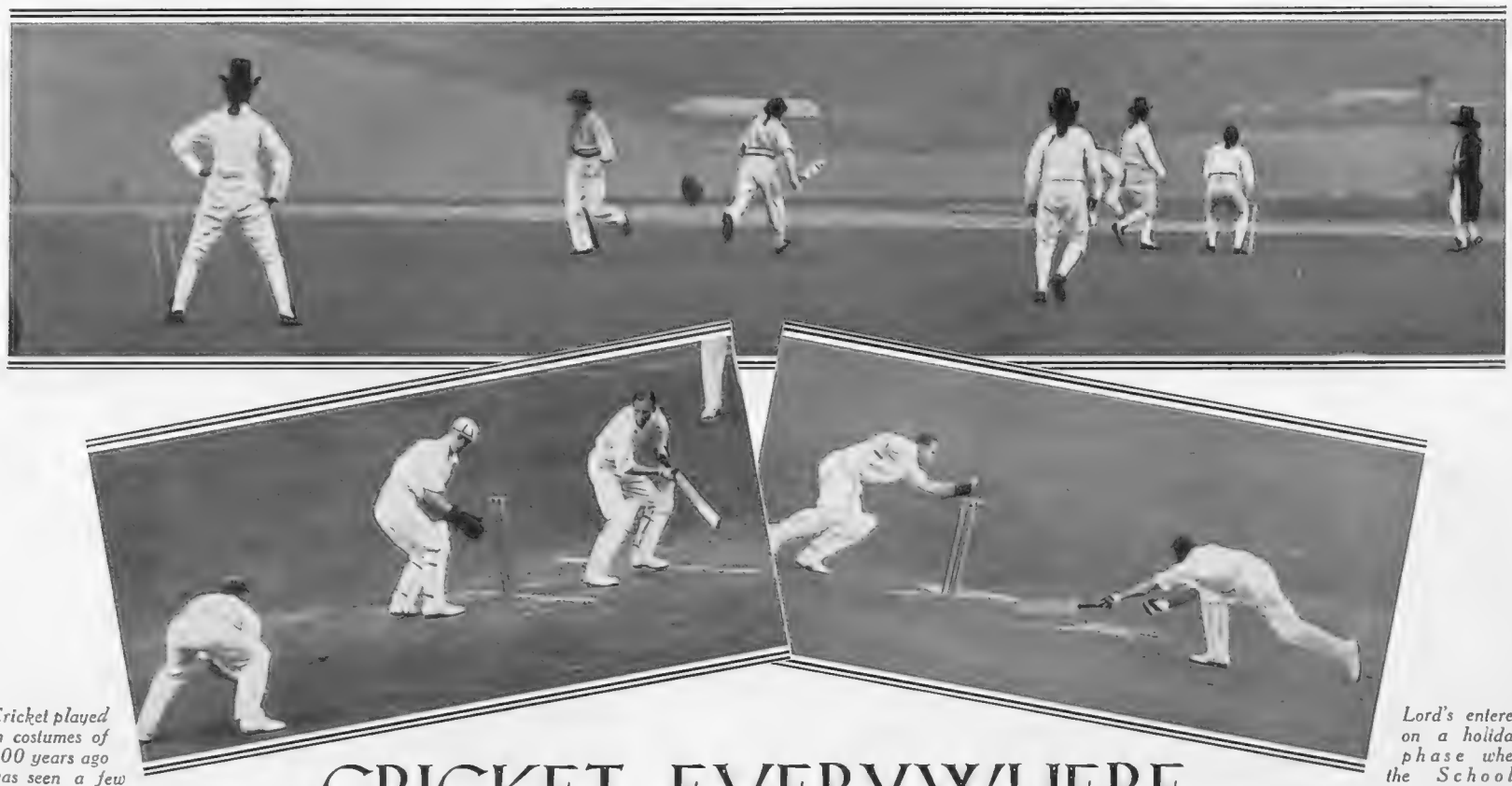
FROM WHEAT TO BISCUITS IN TWELVE MINUTES: Establishing their kitchen in a Kansas wheat field these four expert bakers took wheat from a moving combine, ground it into flour, mixed batter, and had delicious wheat biscuits for the crew of the combine—all in twelve minutes. On left—*4,000 BUSHELS: A mountain of wheat which will remain in a field of a farm near Dodge City, Kansas, as the price it would fetch would not justify sending it to the market. The present wheat surplus is responsible for such a regrettable economic necessity*

TEA-TIME FOR MAN AND BEAST: Men and horses pause for a refresher on a farm near Ware, Herts, where the oat harvest is being gathered. Spells of sunshine, if only brief, are welcomed by the farmers who are anxiously waiting to gather their crops

Ewing Galloway

THE WHEAT HARVEST IN COLORADO: A combine at work on a large farm in Yuma County

Some remarkable facts concerning the wheat surplus and its causes are contained in a letter addressed to the editor of *Nature* by L. R. Waldron in which reference is made to the famous prophecy by Sir William Crookes, made near the end of the last century, as to the probable wheat supply in the future, say thirty years from the time of his address. "Prof. Piaggio's comment indicates that the present wheat surplus is due to the recent advances in fixing nitrogen and making new fertilizers. Sir William Crookes saw future controlled nitrogen fixation as the gleam of light amid the murky gloom of anticipated short wheat rations. While modern fertilizers may have had a slight influence in bringing about the present flood of wheat, their effect has certainly been a minor one. The increase in the world's wheat production above what was anticipated is a complicated problem, but the utilization of new types of machinery has certainly been a dominant factor. Sir William Crookes instances eight States of the U.S.A. located in a region 'so arid as to be of infinitesimal value for food production relatively to the whole area' (with regard to tillable land). While he cites but 810,000 acres of this large area as devoted to wheat in 1897, we find that in 1929, thirty-two years later, the wheat land of this region had increased to 7,500,000 acres, with a production of 100,600,000 bushels. This nearly tenfold increase, in a region where further increase seemed impossible, has come about almost entirely because of the introduction of power machinery and the greatly increased utilization of the combine harvester. Other regions would tell a similar story. Sir William Crookes's dictum was that the world's average yield per acre would have to be increased very materially to make up the impending shortage, and that such an increase would necessitate the comparatively abundant use of nitrogenous fertilizers. This has not proved true."



Cricket played in costumes of 200 years ago was seen a few days ago on Broadhalfpenny Down, Hambledon, Hants, when the Hambledon Club—associated with cricket from its earliest days—played against a team from H.M.S. Nelson. The pitch is the oldest in the country. The Hambledon men wore silk hats, knee-breeches and silk stockings; the sailors wore "tarpaulin hats," check shirts, and duck breeches

Lord's entered on a holiday phase when the Schools demonstrated their prowess during August. In the picture on the left, Lord's School is playing the Rest—J. G. Richards (of the Rest), in the view on the left, has cut a ball from F. E. Covington. On the right, Hammond has just had a remarkable escape from being stumped at eighty-six in the first innings at the Oval (England v. New Zealand)

CRICKET EVERYWHERE

The Enjoyable Season of English Countryside Cricket

Cricket in August—even in such an August as we have been enduring—reaches its apogee; there is, as the old-time music-hall managers used to say of their new programme, variety to suit every taste.

For the grim and serious-minded statistician there is the county championship involving intricate logarithmic calculations of percentages, actual and problematical, and of the effect upon the final position of Blankshire, if (a) Loamshire defeat Nosuchshire next week, (b) Loamshire are beaten by Nosuchshire, (c) Loamshire and Nosuchshire play a drawn game, in which case subsidiary calculations have to be undertaken in respect of the points for first innings lead, (d) the match is abandoned altogether on account of rain, which seems the most probable eventuality, judging from the weather at the moment of writing. There is still a lot more to be said around serious cricket grounds about the ethics of these sensational declarations of first innings; the orthodox have not told the whole of their tale of indignation, nor have the applauding chuckles of the unholy revolutionaries yet died away. Moreover, our pundits and wiseacres have now to settle, to their own satisfaction, if not to that of the world in general, whether we must frown or smile upon Leicestershire's quite cheerful proposal that the first-class cricket season should officially be recognized as lasting from the middle of May till the middle of September, that all county fixtures should be two-day matches instead of three, with every Tuesday and Friday blank.

For another class of cricket enthusiasts, which may perhaps be called without offence the "avuncular" class, August means that we have seen what the new vintage is like; all the schools have settled their own particular feuds and have played their own individual "needle" match against their own particular rival, not always with the anticipated result. We have had the Schools' Week at Lord's, which many of us feel is the best week of the season, and we have seen the survivors of these miniature tests performing prodigiously in a series of further pleasant ordeals. Lord's Schools v. The Rest, Public Schools v. The Army, Young Amateurs v. Young Professionals. One or two of these boys will doubtless be found playing for their respective counties during August, but the real triumph will be reserved for the survivors of the present "avuncular" class who, in 1937 or thereabouts, will be able to claim that they, in August 1931, foretold with the utmost confidence that young so-and-so would be bowling or batting or keeping for England, as the case may be, before many years were out.

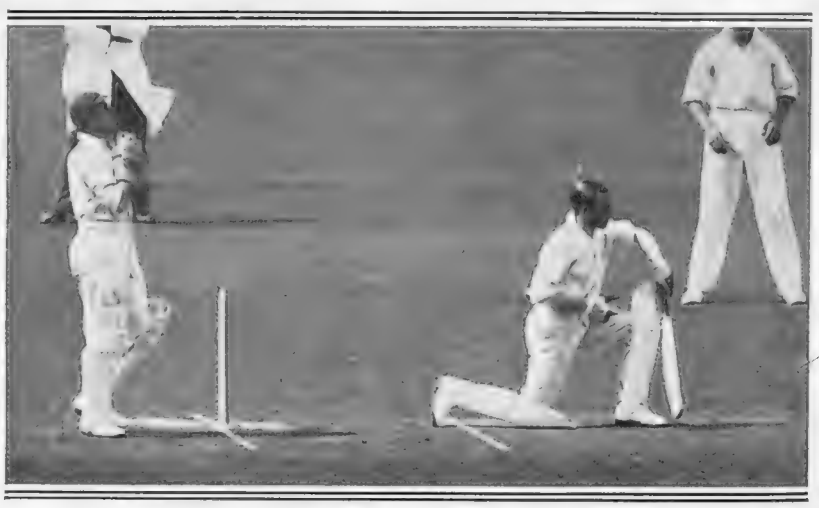
Much more numerous and ubiquitous, and perhaps more human, is the class to which August cricket means that, at a given signal—to wit, the end of the Canterbury Week and the temporary disbandment of that revered and distinguished company, the Old Stagers—a flood of cricketers of all ages, good, bad, and indifferent, but all cheerful and determined, is let loose like a swarm of locusts over the pleasanter parts of England. Peripatetic touring teams by the score set forth to amuse themselves and, in so doing, to add to the attractions of seaside resorts, spas, and local cricket weeks. Old Boy sides and every variety of Nomads, Pilgrims, Wanderers, Stragglers, Rovers, Ramblers are to be found in every corner of the country where there is a reasonably level bit of turf for a cricket ground. The qualification for membership of these sides is not necessarily too strict; it is quite likely that the man who is playing on the same side with you this week will turn up, for a totally different side, against you next week. The wearer of a "Pilgrim" blazer, turning up on the ground at 11.30, is just as likely to have been commandeered by the "Rovers" as by the "Ramblers" who meet each other that day. The really essential qualification is certainly not ability to play cricket, though this, of course, helps a bit. Your real prize rabbit, from whom a contribution of double figures to the score is as cheerfully unexpected by himself as by the rest of the side and who was last known to hold a catch in 1928 when the ball was in his hands before he had time to focus on it, comes into his own on these August tours and has just as good a time as his more reliable brother-Wanderers. *The* qualifications are good-fellowship and cheerful subservience to the spirit of touring cricket.

The motor-car, of course, plays an important part in August cricket nowadays. Experience proves that there is practically no limit to the number of "Stragglers" and their bags who can, at a pinch, be accommodated in a modern "baby" car, but the result would, I think, surprise the original designer. And it *is* possible to the expert to make a complete change into cricket flannels inside a small car doing an average of 25 m.p.h. It seldom happens that the major has not to be fetched from some remote address where no one but the major would ever have thought of going, and as often as not there is a mythical fast bowler who has promised to play for us if a car is sent to meet him at the nearest junction fifteen miles away. Judging from the sheaves of telegrams sent and received in one's own experience on tour, it is difficult to avoid the deduction that August must be a bumper month for our poor, despondent telegraph service.

No amount of August rain will wash from my mind the recollection of one of our most distinguished poets working out his bowling analysis late at night in a dimly-lit car on the way back to London; he had arrived at the truly staggering conclusion that he had taken fifty-five wickets during the week, and was settling down to compose a sonnet in celebration of the achievement when our own particular major brusquely intervened to point out that in reality the fifty-five was the total of byes we had allowed in that day's match. So the poet went to sleep.

H. E. P. J.

A GENTLEMAN IN SUSPENSE: A. M. Crawley (Gentlemen) making a stroke from which he was caught out by Iddon off a ball from Bowen for eight runs. (Gentlemen v. Players at Lord's)



THE GRACE OF CRICKET: These statuesque poses occurred when R. W. V. Robins (Gentlemen) was caught at the wicket by Ames off a ball from T. B. Mitchell for twelve. (Gentlemen v. Players at Lord's)

BARBARA, THE FAMOUS POLAR BEAR AT THE ZOO, TAKES A HEADER IN HER BIG WATER TANK WITH THE GLASS SIDE

UNDER WATER STUDIES

at the Zoo and at Silver Springs, Florida

These studies are remarkable as showing the effect of movement and light under water. The three studies of Barbara were taken recently through the thick glass of her tank. The other view is specially interesting as showing the under side of a surface of water — the view a wily trout has of the world around him

BARBARA TOUCHES BOTTOM AND DANCES A PAS SEUL

A remarkable picture of a swimmer under water, at Silver Springs, Florida, taken by means of a water-tight camera. The man's body is reflected on the under side of the water

BARBARA INDULGES IN A LITTLE PHYSICAL EXERCISE TO THE GREAT JOY OF THE SPECTATORS

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

By PHILIP PAGE

A scene from Grand Hotel *which is to be produced at tha Adelphi on Monday. The manufacturer Preysing and the lawyer confront one another across the table. This group includes Messrs. Stephen Irving, Rumann, Harry Hanlon, and Richard Lloyd*

Another scene from the American production of Grand Hotel. *The little clerk Kringelein is standing dazed by the door, while below lies the body of the unscrupulous Baron*

The beautiful dancer, one of the principal characters in Grand Hotel, *which is to be produced in London next week. In the American version her part was taken by Mlle Leontovitch. All three pictures given here are from the New York production*

"The Midshipmaid"

Major Ian Hay and Commander King-Hall manage, when, theatrically speaking, they get afloat, to knock on the head the theory (to which for many years I have enthusiastically subscribed) that few plays are quite so exasperating as those which have as their main recommendation the provision of "clean, wholesome fun." I have endured a score or more of plays which have been clean and wholesome and lamentably unfunny. All of them have been so confoundedly ingenuous that after one act I have longed for Tchekov at his dismallest, or Brieux at his most obstetrical. But these Shaftesbury authors, whenever they make that theatre a sort of cheery chapel-of-ease to Portsmouth or Chatham, put one in a good temper at once and keep one in it, though subtlety is as far distant from them as wit. That is because, though they are not witty, they are full of a bustling good-humour, and they rigidly eschew facetiousness which at this very theatre has of late been known to rear its horrid head.

The Midshipmaid I would describe, without any intention of offence, as a play written by schoolboys for schoolboys about schoolboys. Actually not a single schoolboy appears in it. But the schoolboy atmosphere is never absent, and in the ward-room of H.M.S. *Crusader* lying off Malta it is as thick as thick can be. But there is such a thing as an extraordinarily pleasant schoolboy with the right traditions about him, who deals with the right sort of fun, is not a snob, and has high spirits that really are catching. You find him in His Majesty's ships; he may be a midshipman or he may be the commander (whom, of course, one must call "the bloke"). He is there all the time. The lower deck atmosphere is more adult but none the less amusing. These A.B.s and marines and sick-bay attendants and so forth give the impression that they are really in charge of those nice clean young schoolboy officers whom they salute so vigorously; they enter into their jokes and follow them into their amateur theatricals just as light-heartedly as they followed them at Jutland. Which, except that the Navy is not a joke, is not so very far from the truth . . .

We saw in *The Middle Watch* the harmless amusement that can be derived from the more or less clandestine presence on board a British warship of some pretty girls. Nice girls, of course. When a French dramatist writes a play about a warship, either the *demi-monde* is there in full force, or the wife of one of the officers is having a sordid intrigue with another officer and is carried to sea without her husband knowing, and there is a *crime passionel*, and revolvers are pulled out and men stamp about shouting dramatically about their honour. Nothing of that sort for those ingenious brother officers, Ian Hay and King-Hall. They know their public. They know the parties of youths with their "people," the country parsons and their wives, the naval officers and their sisters, and the girls they hope to marry, and all the decent, well-washed golf-playing gang who will buy seats at the Shaftesbury for many months to come, and will be very wise in doing so. And so there are no intrigues, and only one simple little love affair with a happy ending, to provide a bit of plot and to enable Mr. Basil Foster to play a few sentimental scenes as well as to look nice and Fosterish and good-at-gamesified in a naval uniform. I must honestly aver that Mr. Foster does all that better than any other actor. If female underclothing is thrown about in *The Midshipmaid* as it was in *The Middle Watch*, one is relieved from anxiety by the knowledge of the irreproachably chaste and British young limbs which it has enclosed.

I was sorry that in this piece Mr. Clive Currie appears as a civilian and not as an admiral. Whether Mr. H. M. Bateman first saw Mr. Currie and then started to draw admirals, or Mr. Currie, having seen Mr. Bateman's admirals, started to play one, I do not pretend to know. The result in each case is perfect. However, Mr. Currie as a pompous M.P. who is out for political advancement by preaching naval economy, and is also out for social advancement by getting his daughter engaged to the son of a peer who is First Lord of the Admiralty, is a mighty figure. An entertainment is to be arranged on board H.M.S. *Crusader* in his honour, partly because the ship's officers think it tactful to placate him. That he has a pretty daughter who is to take part in the show is an added inducement. He loses his temper because the commander makes love to her, and forbids her to act; her part is taken by a midshipman; she, in turn, impersonates the midshipman, and of course there is a happy ending.

As a play, you will judge, this does not amount to much, and you will be right. But the piece stands or falls by the organization, the rehearsal and, finally, the performance of that theatrical entertainment on board. Most decidedly does it stand. Amateur theatricals proved first-rate material for farce as long ago as *A Pantomime Rehearsal*. Here the trick is performed even better. From the moment talent is summoned from the lower deck to give a taste of its quality to the moment the dismally-funny Mr. A. W. Baskcomb, as Able Seaman Pook—at the very top of his form—is booed by a stage audience to the supreme delight of the real one, *The Midshipmaid* is a truly joyous thing. It is good that London should have always at least one fine farce to which to resort. Now that *It's a Boy* is leaving the Strand, *The Midshipmaid* steps into the breach.

The acting is good because it is realistic and has the appearance of dead seriousness. Had Mr. Baskcomb and Mr. Victor Stanley played the buffoon they would have been tedious. As it was, they *were* the Navy—and were irresistible. The same may be said of all the men, from whatever part of the Shaftesbury "ship" they came. Miss Jane Baxter was just the sort of sweet girl that I imagine nice cheery naval officers *do* fall in love with. The "twins" will be better when they put a little more grace and alacrity into that hornpipe. But that is a very minor blemish on a very major success.

MR. JACK HULBERT, who is producing the stage half of the new fifty-fifty screen and stage show to be produced at the R.K.O. Leicester Square Theatre this week

MISS WYNNE RICHMOND, who will appear in the same production. Mr. Hulbert will also be supported by Miss Dalmayne, Miss Burdon, and Miss Morley

The Promenade Concerts.

I do not think the Promenade Concerts are a serious rival to the theatres of London, but for many weeks to come they will be drawing huge audiences nightly, and the number of people regularly available for attending any type of entertainment is said to be limited. Quite apart from purely musical considerations, here is something which theatrical managers would do well to regard for a moment. The "Proms" are an unqualified success from every point of view and they have lasted thirty-six years. They are the result of a settled policy and they are supremely *efficient*. The musical public, which is not a sort of water-tight compartment but includes also a large section of the theatrical public, knows what type of goods are regularly offered at the Queen's Hall at this time of year, knows that it will be satisfied with them, and gives its patronage accordingly. At not more theatres than can be counted on the fingers of one hand does one know what to expect—or know anything except that it is about fifty to one that disappointment is in store.

The "Proms" this year are proceeding on familiar lines, with, of course, Wagner on Monday nights. I have never seen the Queen's Hall so full as it was for the first Wagnerian Monday, when the programme was a series of tit-bits, though this is by no means a tit-bit-fed audience. The general arrangements are sound, with Brahms on Wednesdays, Bach and Beethoven on Fridays, British composers on Thursdays, and a popular night on Saturdays. I do not, however, agree that British composers should be segregated in this fashion, since, should there be occasionally a "thin" house on a Thursday, we hear promptly the silly old cackle about our not being a musical nation. We are an intensely musical nation. But we do not happen to be able to turn out grand operas, that's all.

Sir Henry Wood has this year, thanks in part to the B.B.C. backing, a finer orchestra than ever. The strings certainly have a better tone and a greater polish and unanimity about them. And what a god-send Sir Henry is! He never makes a mistake.

"The Switchback."

If the Malvern Festival were never to give the world anything better than *The Switchback* and *The Apple Cart* it would have justified itself. Not that there is much affinity between the two except for the presence in both plays of Mr. Cedric Hardwicke. But both show that there is a world elsewhere than in sex, farce, or thrills, the depressing trio with which the London Theatre has long been obsessed.

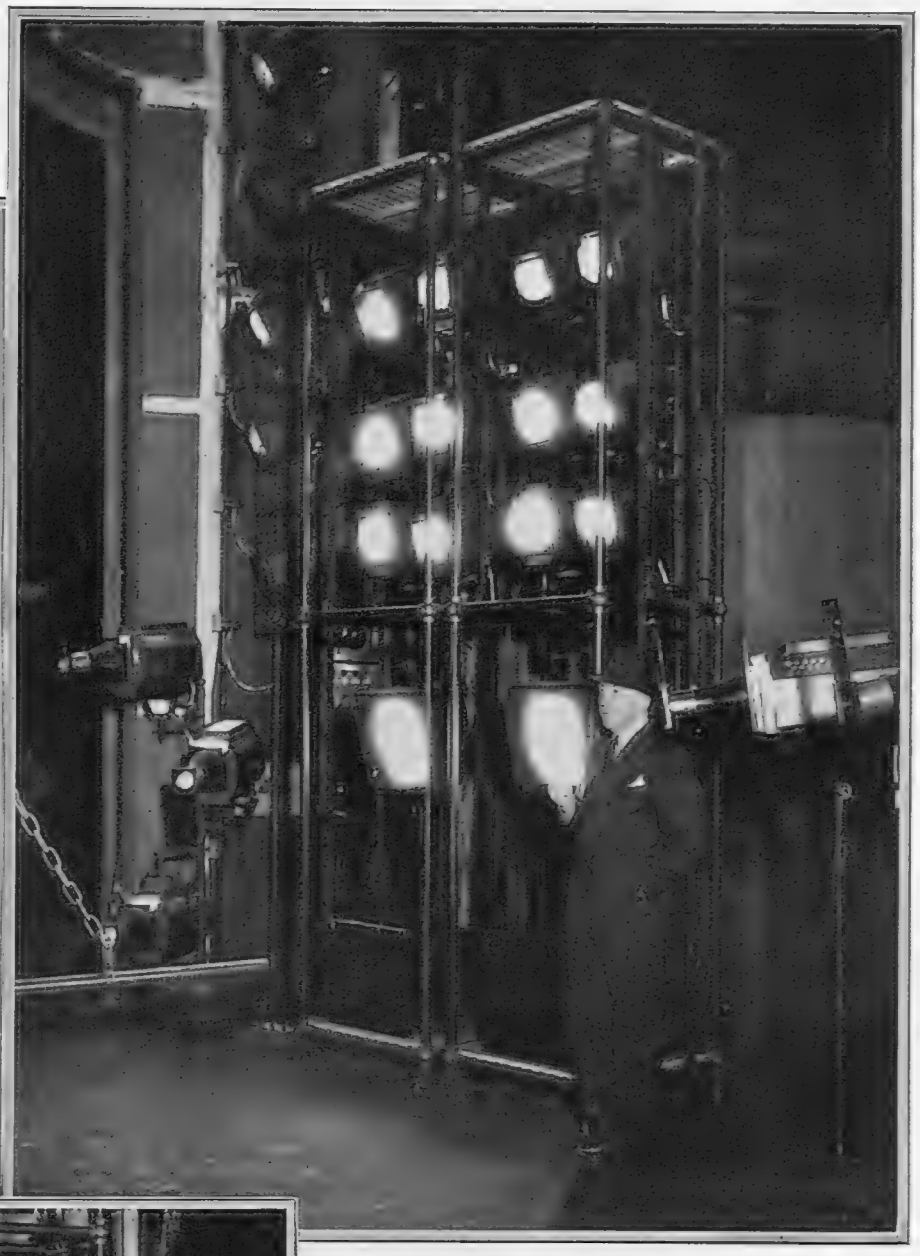
In *The Switchback*, Mr. James Bridie has written very nearly a great play. Had the last act not been an admission of defeat, a backboneless affair without even any backbone in its construction, it would justly have been acclaimed as a masterpiece. It remains only an interesting study. If it is eventually to reach the Queen's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, under the ægis of Sir Barry Jackson, that last act will have to be rewritten or drastically remodelled.

Mr. Hardwicke played the doctor in masterly fashion, making the most of his weaknesses and showing in the *débâcle* that here had once been a man of brilliant promise. Miss Gillian Lind is a clever actress, but she did not make the penitent wife more than a shadow. A strange, untidy play, full of good ideas clumsily arranged. Mr. Bridie can certainly sketch real people, yet is never drably photographic.

NOVEL STAGE LIGHTING

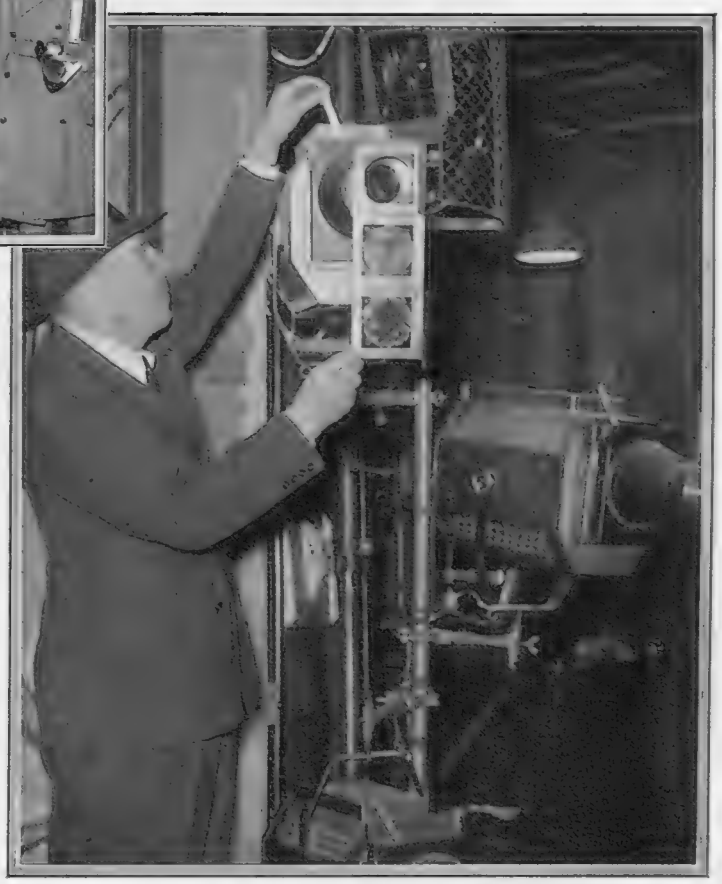
Intrigues the Theatrical World

A STUDY OF DANILOVA, TAKEN WITH MR. HASSARD SHORT'S LIGHTING: She is one of the distinguished Russian dancers who are appearing in this new Johann Strauss light opera at the Alhambra



Some of the new lighting towers which are to illuminate the new production at the Alhambra. Centre—MR. HASSARD SHORT in conversation in the wings. Just behind Mr. Short is a granulated reflector, with a 1,000-watt lamp. This apparatus diffuses the light and amplifies it at the same time

AN UNCONVENTIONAL GROUP DURING THE REHEARSALS: Mr. Leslie Stoll, Sir Oswald Stoll's son, is standing next to his father. Nearest to the spectator is Mr. George F. Reynolds, General Manager of the Alhambra. They are in earnest consultation over a point in the production of Waltzes from Vienna, *the new play which opens on Monday night*



Special Pictures by Sasha

ONE OF THE SPECIAL SPOT LAMPS equipped with a three-way colour holder and an iris. Mr. Short has his left hand upon the iris lever. Bracketed out from the same standard is another very efficient spot-light. The Strand Electric have produced all the apparatus under the supervision of Mr. Cathcart

There is great curiosity in the theatrical world concerning the production side of the new light opera *Waltzes from Vienna* at the Alhambra. Mr. Hassard Short, the well-known stage producer and expert in lighting, has come over from New York to produce this new play. Much of Mr. Short's time has been devoted to the novel forms of lighting, of which he is a master. There are, for instance, no footlights. They are moved to the dress circle, from which position they throw a stream of light on to the stage. On the stage itself the apparatus is of the most modern construction. Witness the two steel tube light towers on castors for easy movement about the stage.

IDYLLS BY THE ROCKY SHORE

There is a Charm about the Rocky Shore with its Deep, Lonely Pools which can be felt at no Popular, Litter-strewn Bathing Resort. Here are Three New Pictures from Rocky Shores such as only real Nature Lovers find around the British Isles

Particulars of these places will be given on application to "The Sphere Travel Bureau"

NATIVE'S DIVING BOARD: A camera study obtained a few days ago in a spot not known to the multitude. The figure of the girl about to dive is silhouetted against the perpendicular rocky cliffs, while the waters of the ocean lap this natural diving board

AT THE FOOT OF A FAMOUS LIGHTHOUSE FROM WHICH A GIRL ROWED FORTH: Readers may puzzle out where these three attractive spots are to be found

A white, sheer lighthouse tower under a natural rampart of rock

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MANUFACTURED AND BOTTLED BY SCHWEPPES LTD

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

GERANIA THE GIPSY

Fine Gentleman—give me a silken shawl to cover my ragged dresses,
Or a great comb carved out of tortoiseshell to set off my night-black tresses.
Pity Gerania, the Gipsy lass, who sleeps 'neath the City arches!
I came with my Tribe from far away, and starved on our mountain marches.

I'll sing you the lilting songs of Spain and teach you "mimosa" glances,
For earrings swinging in hoops of gold, to flaunt at our Romany dances;
And I'll read your fortune, fine Gentleman, with Good Luck heaped ten times over,
For a magic Box of Abdulla's Bliss—to share with my Gipsy Lover!

F. R. HOLMES.

VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN

THE BEACH PYJAMA MODE

FRANCE: The pyjama costume, "The Nun," at the pyjama competition, Palm Beach, Cannes, where many open-air fashion parades are being held

GERMANY: Two modern sun dresses at the Ruvenhorn Club, on the River Havel, near Berlin

NORTH GERMANY: At Herringsdorf on the Baltic. Eating freshly-smoked flounders. Ladies in beach costumes

ENGLAND: A scene at Frinton—a happy party of holiday-makers on the front. All the girls are wearing varied forms of the modern 1931 beach pyjamas

Above in centre—

ENGLAND: A holiday study at the Isle of Wight. Her Majesty the Baby gets ready to put on her beach-wrap after a dip

WOMEN OF TO-DAY

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

No. VI.—The Artist

Lady Hilton Young

(Kathleen Scott)

BY DEREK PATMORE

Sculpture is known to be the most arduous of all the arts, so it is all the more remarkable for a woman to win world-wide fame and distinction in this branch of the arts. And yet this is the achievement of Lady Hilton Young (perhaps more widely known as Lady Scott, the widow of the famous Antarctic explorer). You will find her work in the Tate Gallery, in New Zealand, in India, in numerous War memorials—in fact, in all parts of the world.

Lady Hilton Young lives with her husband in a charming house overlooking Hyde Park, surrounded by a paved garden. And at the back of the house there is a large studio, which stands invitingly amongst trees beyond a lily pool, and it was here that Lady Hilton Young showed me some recent examples of her work. Like all serious artists she works very hard and continually. She showed me an exquisite statue of Chita the dancer, cast in bronze, and in another corner was a half-finished head modelled in wax. "At the moment," she told me, "I find wax the most beautiful medium to work in." In yet another corner of the studio a splendid bust of the late Lord Milner attracted my attention, but all around the room were heads and casts of famous men. Kathleen Scott, as she signs herself as an artist, is no mere talented amateur. She has worked and studied sculpture since she was a girl of eighteen. Her art is mature and individual, and she has a rare gift for portraiture, and her work has a magnificent quality of nobility and strength. No wonder. Rodin greatly admired her work and even deigned to call her *collègue*.

CHITA: One of the loveliest of the new statues by Lady Hilton Young

However, Lady Hilton Young is very reticent about herself and her work, and I had to rely upon her friends for information about her early life and artistic career. She was the eleventh child of Canon Bruce of the Cathedral Chapter of York, and the earliest years of her life were passed quietly in the English countryside. At eighteen, she felt that she wanted to be an artist and studied painting at the Slade for a while. Then she went to Paris. She was very young and alone, but for five years she lived in Paris studying sculpture at the school of Colarossi, living on an income that never exceeded £75 a year. It is due to these hard years of experience that Lady Hilton Young attributes her success as a professional artist. A passionate traveller, she made many journeys during these years and studied the antique art of many countries. Italy, Greece, Mexico, and even Ecuador and the South Sea Isles were visited.

In 1911 came her first big opportunity. It was decided to erect a statue at Dover to Charles Rolls, the first Englishman to fly the Channel. Lady Hilton Young was asked to do the statue as she had known the man well, and this was her first important commission. The statue met with great success, and other important commissions followed, amongst them being the Capt. Scott memorial in Waterloo Place.

A GREAT SCULPTOR BY A GREAT ARTIST: Lady Hilton Young (then Lady Scott), by Charles Shannon — a picture of 1919

Then came the War. Sculpture was interrupted for war work, and during the later part her talents as a sculptor were put to use, for she was employed at the Ellerman Hospital in making masks of the wounded men so as to help the surgeons in their remodelling of injured faces.

However, the list of Kathleen Hilton Young's achievements as a sculptor is too long and too well known to go into thoroughly. Undoubtedly she stands in the front rank of English sculptors. And as we walked round her lovely paved garden talking of painting and sculpture I remarked: "It is astonishing how few sculptors there are in this country." And Lady Hilton Young replied laughingly, "Well, anyway, there are three—Jagger, Reid Dick and me!" Unconsciously a proud boast, yet nevertheless justified.

It happens that one of her most beautiful works stands in her own garden. It looks over the lily pool and is a bronze statue of a young man holding out his arms. I admired it. "It is called 'These Had Most to Give,'" its creator told me. "It is to the Boys—the eighteen-year-olds of the War. You will notice that the arms are outstretched, unconsciously forming a crucifix. I intended it to be a war memorial." She looked at it a moment and said slowly, "I should like to see it placed on the top of some hill so that it could stand outlined against the sky . . ."

STATUE: A typically lyrical example of Lady Hilton Young's work

I think that statue typifies the art of Kathleen Hilton Young, for in it she has captured all the lyrical idealism and nobility of mankind, and immortalized it in bronze.

And so with one last look at the studio and garden, filled with statuary, I left this remarkable woman with a feeling of deep respect and admiration. I had omitted to ask the trivial questions of the average interviewer.

Lady Hilton Young is a sculptor of remarkable genius. Surely, that is enough.

A NOVEL CABINET

Constructed of mahogany veneered with sycamore and with a plinth of flame mahogany, this cabinet for the corner of a room is a very unusual piece of multiple-purpose furniture. It is a combined cocktail cabinet and writing desk. The superstructure includes a cupboard for books and shelves for the display of china. Immediately beneath these shelves is a cupboard for the afternoon tea-set, which is made to swing forward on a pivot when its contents are required. On the extreme left is a cupboard with shelves fitted on the inner side of the door; this cupboard is for glasses and decanters. The centre portion of the cabinet includes an excellent table surface for writing, with a pedestal of sliding drawers on the right and a shallow open recess near the base for newspapers and magazines.

The sycamore used for this piece, which is described as a "skyscraper writing table," is white and very finely figured. It has been wax polished, but otherwise has been left in its natural condition.

Many-purpose furniture such as this is proving increasingly popular for small flats, where it is proving even more effective in saving space than the built-in equipment which was the first suggestion of the decorators in dealing with the problem of the modern small home. There is really no limit to the possibilities of original furniture designed on these principles. A settee with bookshelves and cupboards fitted in the sides and backs was one of the earliest examples of this kind. Another is the combined dressing table and writing desk, and even in the eighteenth century there was the bureau-bookcase-cabinet on a low chest of drawers. But the modern piece of furniture illustrated with this article is one of the most ingenious examples of multiple-purpose equipment yet devised.

B. B.

SHUT

OPEN

METAL FURNITURE

Most periods in furniture history have shown a preference for some particular material. Wood held decided sway in the Middle Ages. Sumptuous hangings of velvet and brocade adorned the rooms of a slightly later day. The eighteenth century again revelled in porcelain, and if the Berlin Building Exhibition now open is a mirror of present-day taste then metal and glass are high in twentieth century favour.

It is some time since metal furniture made its first appearance. It has progressed as was to be expected. The original attempts at form were too angular, too undecorative to be restful. The newer development has successfully changed all that, taking the characteristic strong line which is in keeping with modern ideas, but so modifying it that the hardness disappears. It remains simple, but it has also become mobile.

The living-room furniture being designed is very different from the plain garden and balcony type. A note of luxury has crept into the velours furnishings. Colour is there to give character to the finished room. A dining-room, for instance, has the softest of greens for its background. The chairs, with padded seats and rounded backs, are upholstered in deep-toned velours. The carpet is of a lighter tone, while the delicately shaded walls set off the glittering polish of the metal. Dark green opaque glass makes the rounded table top which is supported on four straight metal legs. The contrast here is in the use of black. A composition material, polished, plain, to all appearance resembling wood, is the substance of the built-in sideboard, fronts and top. H. D.

SPACE-SAVING: A corner of a dining-room exploiting metal furniture

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

ROYALTIES
British and Foreign

Marcus Adams

PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE: The fifth lady in the land, who celebrated her first birthday yesterday (Friday)

Marcus Adams

ROYAL LADIES OF BRITAIN: The Duchess of York with the Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose. They rank as the third, fourth, and fifth ladies in the land. The Princess Elizabeth, now 5½, has markedly Cambridge features

VISITING ROYALTIES: Princess Hélène of Rumania, Princess Irene of Greece, and the ex-Queen Sophia of Greece paid a surprise visit to the Middlesex Hospital a few days ago. They were especially interested in the Children's Ward, where they are seen above. The Princess Hélène is, of course, the ex-Queen of Rumania, who separated from King Carol some years ago; Princess Irene is a sister of ex-King George of Greece and Queen Sophie, the widow of the late King Constantine, who abdicated in 1922

PRINCESSES IN TROUSERS: Spanish royalties, the guests of Lord and Lady Londonderry, competed in the regatta at Portaferry, on Strangford Lough, Co. Down. Above are the Infantas Beatriz and Maria Cristina with Don Alvaro and Don Alonzo. *Inset*—Princess Yori, the fourth and youngest daughter of the Emperor and Empress of Japan

DREISER — AN HEROIC PAGAN

The Popularity of the Tauchnitz Editions and some other Continental Matters

BY CECIL ROBERTS

J. M. DENWOOD, AUTHOR OF *RED IKE : Red Ike*, which is now being published in the *Evening Standard*, is attracting considerable attention, especially as fame appears to have arrived somewhat late at the door of the author. In the opening chapters he describes his experiences with gipsies in Scotland. "They welcomed Ike because he had the name of being the most skilful poacher on the borders. The gipsies knew how to poach as they knew how to thieve, but there were things in the making and using of nets that they had not learnt, and now, as they went idly and merrily through the countryside, they levied generous toll of the lordly preserves that skirted the public ways. Sometimes partridges by the score would fall victims to the sweep-net, or they would stove a full clutching of pheasants with a long pole and a box of fuming sulphur from the thick black firwood plantations, and would soon be boiling them in a bule pan over a turf fire, or spitting and frizzling them in a savoury circle beneath the midnight sky."

It is fitting that I should be writing a review of Theodore Dreiser's *Dawn* (Constable. 10s.) a few minutes after standing in front of No. 16. Schöne Aussicht-Kai, at Frankfurt-on-Main. For it was in this white-fronted house overlooking the wide quay and the splendid river that Arthur Schopenhauer died, in the city where Goethe was born, and which saw the rise of the great house of Rothschild. Frankfurt, apart from its pre-eminence in trade, has effected considerable influence therefore upon the thought and finances of Europe. At the moment at which I stood somewhat in reverent mood before this house of "the philosopher of pessimism," the city was in political turmoil over a referendum upon the abolition of the Prussian Diet. Only a few days had elapsed since Germany had passed through a second financial convulsion. The evening previous to this visit to Schopenhauer's house I had watched a procession of Communists with banners in praise of Lenin, not borne in the spirit of buffoonery that marked Mr. Bernard Shaw's irresponsible discipleship, march for one hour, men, women, and children, three thousand strong, down the Zeil, Frankfurt's principal street. At the very moment that I stood in front of Schopenhauer's house, the quay was crowded with people watching a regatta on the river, while motor-lorries, filled with steel-helmeted policemen, swept the streets, ready to frustrate demonstrations or conflicts between Communists and Hitlerites. A strange mixture of festivity and political turmoil as civilization hovers on the brink of the precipice.

What would Schopenhauer have made of it all had he lived in this age? I think he would have been in complete agreement with the pagan disconsolation that invests every page of *Dawn*. This is the first of four volumes of Dreiser's autobiography. This volume alone contains three hundred thousand words. When the work is completed Rousseau's *Confessions* will appear a slim creation in comparison. Like the French autobiographer, Theodore Dreiser has set out to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Unlike the Frenchman, having nothing of the charlatan in his composition, he succeeds better. Here is an undeviating narrative. It goes on relentlessly, exposing all the frailties, not only of himself, but of every member of his family, in a pitiless scrutiny of human motives. It would be an intolerable book, whether from length, style, or subject, were it not that the record is presented with that personal disinterestedness which marks Dreiser's work, and was epitomized in *An American Tragedy*, a great and terrible book. My friend, Thomas Burke, has termed Theodore Dreiser not only the greatest living writer of America, but, with two exceptions, of England also. "There is nobody in America, and few in Europe within measure of his stature." Generous enthusiasm leads Mr. Burke into extravagance, I think. In his own particular *genre* there is no gainsaying Dreiser's greatness, but it is doubtful whether such unrelieved realism as he follows can ever ascend into the first rank of imaginative literature. Dreiser is always of the earth. For him there is no domain of the spirit; the human body in all its infinite variety remains a chemical formula. He is an heroic pagan who will hold no traffic with the undefined forces that others regard as the most potent factors in human destiny.

For this reason *Dawn* will be for many a frightening, perhaps horrible, book. It covers nothing of the meanness, the shamefulness, and venery of mankind. His fierce hatred of Roman Catholicism, which he asserts blighted his youth, his utter scorn of all the philosophies that are drawn upon to botch the threadbare garments of human life, burn through every page of this fierce personal history. The only sweetness he allows himself in this narrative of poverty, mean dwellings, the tricks and subterfuges of the half-witted, the criminal minded, is in the long and lovely portrait of his mother. We see her rearing a large wayward family, allied to a husband at once a commercial failure and a religious fanatic, depressed by the arid life of a Middle West town, often half-acquiescing in means of livelihood that she feared to investigate, and yet always an innately pure-minded, well-intentioned woman. She was of Pennsylvania Dutch origin, and married a man of German origin. She bore thirteen children, having been forewarned of this number by the appearance of thirteen will-o'-the-wisps. The complicated threads running through the lives of this large family are faithfully followed by the author. His own boyhood, one of suppressed ardours and the extreme sensitiveness of a temperamental nature, is drawn without reservations of any kind, and as this personal history takes him through the time of adolescence, the growth and storms of sexual consciousness are followed with a frankness as rare as it remains inoffensive. What a family they were: the adventurous scallywag brother, paramour of a brothel-keeper, who wins fame as a song-writer, and more nobly sustains the whole Dreiser family in its abject need; the flirtatious, attractive sisters, who took lovers to themselves and suffered disappointments and betrayals; the drunken, fascinating ne'er-do-well brother who returns again and again to shame and cajole a family fighting its way to social recognition; and the father, so futile, so full of noisy righteousness, priest-ridden, and bankrupt. Never was there a fiercer onslaught of Catholic doctrine, and its particular effect on the young than in this book.

Dreiser's revolt seems equally based on his own experience, and the spectacle of his dogma-ridden father. His case is a bitter one and, as presented, he has cause for bitterness. One aspect of this history of American small-town and village life in English eyes will be its overwhelming aridness, its atmosphere of local snobbery, and gossip. English village life is bad enough with its incessant inquisitiveness, but the Middle West settlements of the period of which Dreiser writes suffered from an isolation that intensified a thousand-fold the activities and opportunities of the scandalmongers. And yet these village characters so variedly depicted are full of vitality, whether it be the amazing Professor Solax, "a small, trig, dandified man, in a cutaway coat and a high silk hat with shoebrush whiskers and Jovian curls," who was a book-peddler selling *Hill's Manual of Etiquette and Social and Commercial Forms*, or brother Paul, "a wanton invader, still desirous that the integrity of his own family be respected. His sisters, for instance, should be virtuous, his brothers also. Yet in so far as all other sisters were concerned they were just girls to be sought and overcome if possible."

A removal from Evansville to Warsaw, Indiana, changed the fortunes of the Dreiser family. They no longer took boarders, the mother left the labour of the wash-tub by which she had heroically tided over dire disaster. The house had a pleasant garden, their position in the social scale was bettered. True, their furniture, partly paid for on hire-purchase, was snatched away, and the good Samaritan next door proved to be a follower of the oldest unhonoured profession. But a new wonder entered the young Dreiser's life with attendance at a State school. It opened the gate to a new world.

"Whenever I think of the American school system as it was then—the genial shepherding of millions of children after the fashion of loving parents, and with much more love and much more intelligence and care than most of the poorer parents have to offer—I still hold to some slight faith in, if not democracy, at least some form of social organization which would permit of the child being as advantageously and intensively cultivated as any other living and cultivable thing. That this is probable I am not here to say, for certainly the present drift of our American form of democracy is by no means promising."

Whatever the vicissitudes through which Dreiser passed, fate certainly devised for him the best possible education for a great novelist. An early schooling in poverty, the observation of all forms of life in conditions in which sophistication is precluded by the earnestness of the daily struggle for existence, these things contributed to the making of *An American Tragedy* perhaps more than those later years of fierce struggle as a City press reporter. By the age of twenty Dreiser had tried his hand at half-a-dozen jobs —farm-hand, errand-boy, worker in a laundry, all the raw material of life was there for his shaping, and, possessed of a marvellous memory, there is no detail omitted in this minute, painstaking retrieval of those shaping years. I have never read an autobiography so honest, so intimate, or one in which the author has so successfully triumphed in self-detachment. It has a great pathos because the human race is paraded before us, a process towards some undefined goal, driven by some mysterious force. Schopenhauer would have found in this book all the data he needed for an elaboration of his thesis. Here indeed is *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, the labour and fruits of one who has pierced through the illusions dividing one conscious individuality from another, who has acutely observed the inward discord which is the very bane of human nature. And yet this is not a gloomy book. Dreiser sees a pageant pass before his eyes, lit with much hope and transfigured with tenderness. The portrait of his mother, in all her weakness and in the strength of her devotion to the family, is an unforgettable contribution to human nobility.

And even the wayward brothers, the flirtatious sisters, the vain, lecherous, crafty, ambitious manipulators of life who crowd these pages never cease to be flesh and blood. As for its honesty, there is no moment when the novelist obtrudes himself upon the autobiographer. Take, for instance, the chapter in which Dreiser tells the story of his own peculation, of his reasoned descent to embezzlement of his employer's funds, an employer whose kindness of heart is never diminished to relieve Dreiser of the meanness of his act. A sad book it is, nevertheless. It is lightened by no reserve of faith. Human courage, fitful reward, an absence of exact justice, a crowding exotic growth as of the jungle, with birth, life, and death inextricably interweaved, such is the loose plan of life observed by the author of this history of the heart. Bleak, pagan, yes, but with infinite courage and patience, and a tolerance which has hitherto been unachievable within the bonds of any dogma. For Dreiser is free of all creeds, all shibboleths, and this freedom, leaving him so stark, so bereft of illusions or hopes, will frighten the normal companionable soul.

"For as I see life, while I am one who believes that it is certainly advisable to try to organise life, since nothing appears without it, and to the utmost in any direction in which it shows the greatest artistic as well as practical and, therefore, comfort-giving possibilities, still I am not one who now deems this visible scheme of things as enormously important. What, cooking, eating, coition, job-holding, growing, ageing, losing, winning, in so changeful and passing a scene as this, important? Bunk! It is some form of titillating illusion with about as much import to the superior forces that bring it all about as the functions and gyrations of a fly. No more. And maybe less."

To many this is a frightening philosophy, since they find life sustainable only when clothed in comforting illusions. To Dreiser the hard reality is the foundation, the only possible foundation on which he can stand and confront his destiny. Right or wrong, no one can fail to be impressed by the honesty of his titanic mind.

Observation of continental bookshops and of the books read by fellow passengers in trains reveals the fact that the Tauchnitz series is still the great favourite of the English-reading travelling public. Some day I feel that all of us who have been indebted for so long to the great house of Tauchnitz for those admirably printed and neatly produced little two-shilling volumes should subscribe to a fund for the erection of a public memorial to the founder of the great publishing house. But where could it be erected? Perhaps at Geneva, in front of the Palace of the League of Nations, would prove the least contentious, and the most representative position. But I must confess that of late I have been a little perturbed by the vagaries of the Tauchnitz series. Once upon a time only truly reputable authors were admitted into this international Valhalla. To-day, side by side with the illustrious, there appear the most astonishing minor fry, authors who in their own countries command neither public nor position. The process of selection is necessarily difficult, but it does seem to me that of late Messrs. Tauchnitz have been under some singular and not very reliable direction. The extreme representatives of the highbrow and lowbrow schools are now hawked along the continental stations, and one hears the bewildered reader gasp with impatience when his interest gives out, say, somewhere between Lucerne and Lugano, the next Tauchnitz charging station. I do not wish to seem ungrateful. Dr. Otto stands in my gallery of heroes, but, candidly, I begin to suspect his selection board.

The CULT OF NUDITY

Bare Backs and Beach Pyjamas are the Vestments of the Faith of Sun-worship

It is not only in Berlin and on secluded islands in the Seine that the worshippers of the Sun repair openly or in secret in 1931. With the general realization of the hygienic virtues of the solar rays on the one hand and the equally general loosening of the shackles of convention (not of morality) on the other, the cult of nudity is, despite the "summer" weather, spreading northwards—as well as south. The great resorts of the Riviera and the Adriatic first made the cult fashionable—a fashion that endures, with its slogan of "Ladies prefer bronze"—and it is now spreading, despite some official and Puritan opposition, even in conservative, hide-bound, rainy Britain. The "human form divine" will, in all probability, become more and more divine with the spur of vanity and the increase of health that this movement jointly promotes

BACKS TO THE FRONT: A quintette of Jersey sun-worshippers. Newcomers to the sun-centres can easily be recognized by the white open spaces where come the edges of the frock. Older hands have but a thin line where comes the shoulder-strap of the bathing-dress. The *illuminati* are tanned a solid mahogany

A FAMILY DEDICATE TO THE WORSHIP OF HELIOS. An alfresco meal at the Sun-bathing Summer School at Bedales, Petersfield, near Portsmouth, where the Back to Nature Movement has one of its few centres in England. The summer, as well as Mrs. Grundy, renders sun-bathing at home, save on rare days and in rare places, unattractive

HAIL TO THEE, PHŒBUS APOLLO! Sun-worshippers at Cap d'Antibes, where the pursuit of sun-bathing has been raised to a high art. It is not only those clad almost in the "altogether" who indulge in this cult, for figures clad in all-covering beach-pyjamas or swathed in voluminous Turkish towels or bath-robes lie and bask in the sun for hours

"THE GLASS OF FASHION" ON THE BEACH: Biarritz is a great resort to show the most startling beach modes

NOT ON THE MEDITERRANEAN: England is becoming a sun-bathing nation, as is shown by this Bournemouth pioneer

THE HEAD OF THE ROSEGG VALLEY: One of the most impressive vistas in the Upper Engadine, the delights of which, as a holiday resort, are sketched below

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

THE UPPER ENGADINE

By E. M. WARD

To those of us who live somewhere near sea-level a holiday in the Upper Engadine must necessarily be something of a novelty, for this wild, upland country of the Upper Inn valley has been called the Tibet of Switzerland, and it lies about six thousand feet above the sea. Even in summer holiday makers will find that they cannot ignore this altitude, invisible abstraction though it seems at first to visitors.

For a few days after the tourist arrives at Pontresina, or St. Moritz, or Maloja, his legs will probably feel heavy and inert and his breath will be short. Her legs and breath will be likewise. Comfort will be found to depend on such diverse things as clothes, a wood stove in the bedroom, and forests in the neighbourhood. Moreover, the chemist, while displaying prominently large bottles labelled "Engadine Gargle," may be heard to murmur gloomy and suggestive things about the peculiar susceptibility of strangers to a form of discomfort known as an Engadine "dry throat."

Thus are some of the effects of altitude impressed upon newcomers. There are many others. Clothes, for example at six thousand feet up, should be as brightly coloured as possible.

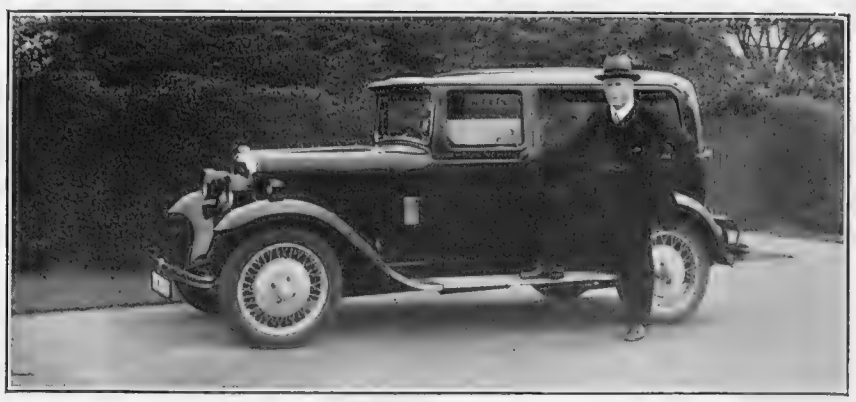
The forests are thin (again an effect of altitude), and the bright blue cotton coats affected by stout German gentlemen shine very pleasantly beside the gay frocks of their spouses along the woodland aisles. But, of whatever colour, clothes must be many because they must vary from the thickest and woolliest of winter garments to as diaphanous draperies as ever admit the sun and air of some Mediterranean resort. For example, when the visitors set forth from their hotels for a pre-breakfast wander in the woods at Pontresina, the rays of the rising sun have, even at midsummer, not yet crept down to the valley. The flowery meadows by the Bernina Bach may be white with frost and their grasses and blossoms stiff and cold to the touch as icicles. Beyond the Schlucht where, from sunless depths, comes such a roar of river waters as fills the windless morning, there stands a cold and misty shadow amongst the larches and arolla pines. The Englishman, the American, even the large German and the elegant Italian all walk in heavy coats buttoned well up.

IN LONELY MAJESTY: A tiny house nestling beneath Piz Alv

Then comes breakfast. The sunshine slants down to the Speisesaal windows and lights, golden lights, in the dishes of honey. Outside, the frosty mists steam up like smoke, from road and roof and meadow in the radiant heat. At last, even the ancient stone tower above Pontresina disengages itself from the hazy shadow of the Languard heights and stands clearly out in the vivid golden light. English, American, all of

(Continued on p. 300)

ON THE BERNINA PASS: An exquisite scene on the pass running south-east through Poschiavo to the Adda Valley



A MOTORING PIONEER: Mr. Frank Pearce, who has just celebrated his 70th birthday, has been motoring for 28 years. This 10-h.p. Singer Saloon is his 70th car

The PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

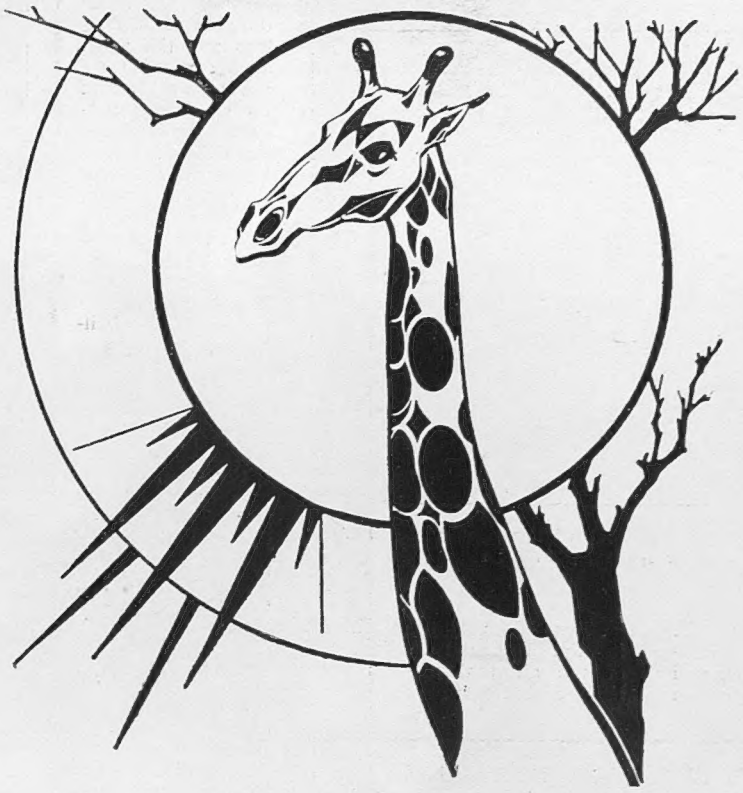
FRESH AUSTIN LAURELS.—Motorists learnt with a certain amount of astonishment the other day that a Baby Austin car was officially timed to exceed 100 m.p.h. over the mile and kilometre. This is really an astonishing performance, particularly when we remember that it was not until 1904 that a speed of 100 m.p.h. was attained by any motor vehicle. The pistons in the four cylinders in the tiny Austin are very little larger than egg-cups, and a few years ago a three-figure speed for such a car was never envisaged. Almost from the launching of the Austin Seven the company responsible for its manufacture have supported racing of every description, and this latest achievement demonstrates very forcibly that the strenuous speeds of contests on the road and on the track give experience that is essential to make a small engine perform such a wonderful feat. Sir Herbert Austin would I am sure be the first to acknowledge this fact, and if other manufacturers say that they can produce the same results by experimenting in a laboratory, I would like to ask them to make quite certain that they do not start their experiments from a data line which has been reached for them by their competitors in the racing world. As each Olympia Show comes round we find that where an improvement has been made in one car it is very soon copied on others. If the original alteration has been brought about by experience in a series of racing contests, it is not fair for those who copy to state that racing experience teaches nothing. I shall be very surprised if this latest attainment of the Austin Seven remains unchallenged for very long. Already there are rumours that the M.G. Car Company contemplate building a special racer to eclipse the Austin's performance, and so the battle of the "Babies" still goes on, and before many years have passed we shall probably see that 100-m.p.h. record very much higher.

THE RECORD BETTERED.—We are apt to look upon the Baby Austin as the smallest car made, but it should be remembered that in the world of international records there are two classes even smaller: one for cars with engines not exceeding 500 c.c. in capacity, and another for those of engines not exceeding 350 c.c. in capacity. Even in the last of these two classes a car has covered the kilometre at a speed of 76·5 m.p.h. Quite probably someone will start developing cars with these small engines, because in view of the Baby Austin's latest achievement we must consider this car quite a powerful vehicle.

Since writing the above the Austin records have been smashed by an amateur, Viscount Ridley, who drove a car which he himself designed and built with his own hands. Words fail me completely in offering him congratulations, and his success goes to prove that hard work, for he has been trying to do this for years, combined with unusual ability to design and put together a complicated piece of machinery, can produce results by an individual which can better those put up by a large organization.

THE IRISH TOURIST TROPHY.—Next Saturday the R.A.C. will run their Ulster T.T. race, and the forthcoming event promises to be far more interesting than any one of its predecessors. The club have been unusually lucky in obtaining an entry which has seldom been equalled for any race in this country, and certainly never bettered. The cream of the crack Continental drivers will be seen pitted against our own racing experts. The famous firm of Bugatti had entered three cars to be driven by Varzi, Divo, and Chiron, three of the most famous drivers in the world. Unhappily, however, to the disappointment of thrill-seekers, M. Bugatti has withdrawn his team, without giving the reason, from the race. However, there is an official team of Alfa Romeos, and these will be in the hands of Nuvolari, Borzacchini, and Campari. No doubt we shall be told that the great Mussolini has given them instructions to win at all costs, but whether this is true or not really does not concern us, because the rivalry between them and their many rivals will be sufficient to make both teams keep their feet hard down on the throttle. The English representatives include Dudley Froy, the hero of the German Grand Prix, on an Invicta; three official Talbots, driven respectively by Rose-Richards, Hindmarsh, and Lewis, and an Aston Martin team in the hands of Major Harvey, Cook, and Bertelli. Rileys are represented by five cars, the official team being those driven by Noble, Staniland, and Whitcroft. Thirteen M.G. Midgets will take part, and they will have five Austins against them in their own class, as well as in the race as a whole. Sir Henry Birkin and the Earl Howe are competing, and they will drive two other Alfa Romeos. There are many other interesting cars, and when it is remembered that the race is run under a handicap no one will feel safe of winning until the winning post has been passed. The journey to Belfast is not a difficult one, and special excursions are being run, particulars of which can be obtained from the Secretary of the R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

UNRELENTING POWER: Speed and grace are exemplified in this remarkable view of the new Lincoln breasting the test hill at the Brooklands track



RADIANT TOURS.

"Sunshine and blue skies; farms and homesteads nestling among the mountains and hills; orchards of peach and plum filling the valleys with blossom; the perfume of orange groves; the profusion of wild flowers; the camp fire and the call of the wild in the Bushveld; the quest of open roads trailing away to far horizons; the sparkling air of the Highveld; sun and sea bathing on golden beaches; the bright warm days and cool starlit nights—these memories and a splendid feeling ot health and fitness after my last holiday in South Africa are luring me back there for the coming Winter."

These are the recollections of an English visitor's holiday in South Africa last year. May we send you our booklet "Radiant Tours"?—the new programme of Winter Travel in South Africa. Posted free on request to The Director, South African Government Travel Bureau, 73, Strand, London, W.C. 2, or the Leading Tourist Agencies.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

The UPPER ENGADINE

(*Continued from p.* 298)

us, go forth again ; hatless, with dark spectacles ; in the thinnest cotton sacks with holes for head and arms (if the female of the species) and, in the case of the men, in as cool as possible a variant of those miserable attempts at summer dress which seem to satisfy the male mind. And so attired, the visitors make bright the sun-lit woodlands and mountain paths until there comes a cloud shadow, then a flock of cloud shadows wandering up from the Inn valley, then one big cloud shadow, brooding over valleys and forests and climbing tourists. With it, at six thousand feet up, comes winter. The hot scents of pine trees and flowers fade away. A little icy wind breathes up the valley. A snow shower, white and dense as wool, creeps down the great slopes, changes the dwarfed pines at the forest limit into Christmas card trees, drifts slowly through the woods, and dims both Alpine rose and the glossy heads of well-brushed, startled tourists. Miserable then is he, and more so she, who is without a handy woolly within which to snuggle, for at this height even an overcoat feels like paper before a clouded northerly breeze.

Not as necessary as a variety of clothes, but very comfortable is a bedroom stove. A room that faces south will be warmed by the floods of radiant sunshine, with a warmth that lasts through the night if the windows are shut when the chill of evening begins to drift in. But in bad weather, and in a north room even in good weather, night frosts, cloud shadow, and transient snow squalls, make the glow of burning logs and the smell of hot metal from the stove a joy that no summer wanderer in the lowlands experiences. And as to the forests it is they that supply, free of charge to the visitor, the logs for his stove and, when the mountain sunlight pours down in eye-aching brilliance, a green shelter from the glare, and whilst the *fôhn* blows its attentuated, high-altitude blast, here in the forest is stillness save for the stirring of the feathery larch tops against the hot, blue depths of the sky.

OLD PONTRESINA : A fascinating facet of the popular resort little noticed when winter sports are in full swing

Thus does altitude direct the ways of tourists in the Upper Engadine. Moreover, the dryness of the air that parches susceptible throats, cracks hair and finger-nails, is in itself partly due to the height of the region above the sea.

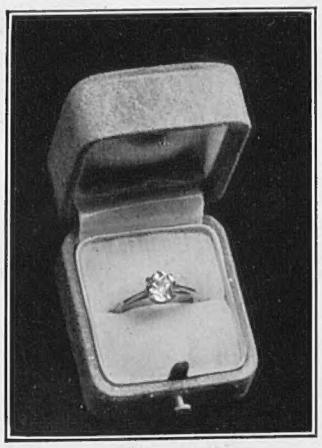
Altitude, dryness, sunshine, and the chill of shadow—on all these will the wise tourist and his wife ponder as they pack their trunks for an Engadine holiday.

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, and resorts in all parts of the World by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free ; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to : "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

CIRO DIAMONDS

A new Ciro diamond, which promises to be as sensationally successful as Ciro pearls, has just been introduced by the famous jewellery house of Ciro Pearls, Ltd., of 178, Regent Street, London, W. The fire and life of these new stones leave little to distinguish them from the veritable mined stones of the Rand. The shanks, which are of solid gold, and the claws, which are of platinette, are hand-made in faultless style.



The Ciro Diamond

The price of the new Ciro diamond rings, set with either one, two, or three stones is 1 guinea. Ciro diamonds are available in a variety of sizes, and may also be had mounted in combination with pearls, sapphires, rubies, or emeralds.

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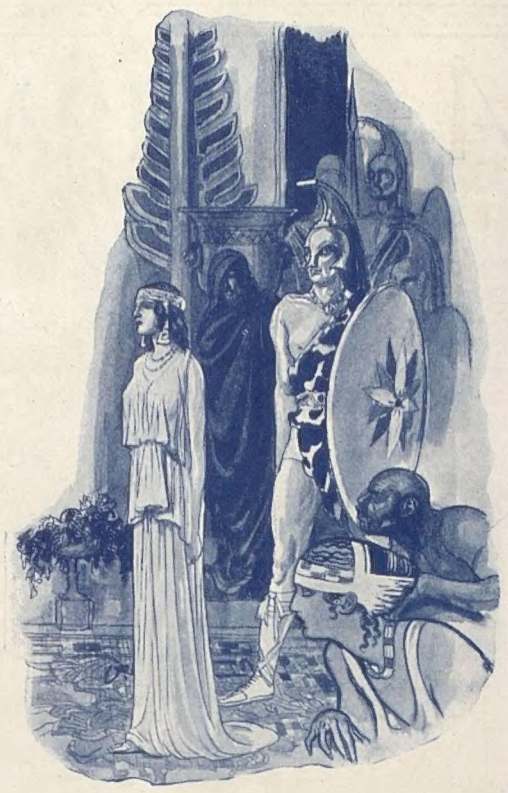

Barca sat where the elders had left him, sullen and apathetic, his sword where he had thrown it.

On a low table before him was food and wine, the food untouched.

A lute-player sought to distract him. A dancer leaned against a porphyry column, waiting till he should be aware of her presence.

The General sat motionless, bent forward, his chin resting on the palm of his hand. His eyes beheld nothing, but his ears were strained for sound.

In the street he heard a quick command, a challenge, and the tread of approaching feet, at which he turned his head.

The footsteps drew nearer, there were voices at the door. Presently, on the threshold, he saw Miriam, and Hasdrubal standing watchfully behind her.

Barca rose, but did not advance to meet her. From their distance they exchanged glances.

The girl watched, with slow horror, the light that began to fill his bloodshot eyes, the flush of triumph that brought colour to his cheeks.

His dry lips parted. He spoke in a croaking whisper.

"They made you see that no woman can be weighed against the city."

"That," she replied, "is a man's privilege. Should a woman betray, they have means to deal with her. But a man—."

He flung himself down the room to where she stood mocking him. His wiry old arms clutched at her for a moment.

"Untamed still, are you?" he whispered. "Well, let it be so."

Releasing her, he turned to the women who had waited to amuse him.

"Here," he cried, "take her away and have her fittingly adorned. And you, Hasdrubal," he added, turning to the captain, "lest she seek to evade me again, post your men by the doors."

Lethargy was gone from him. He struck a gong with his clenched fist, and hurried back to his chair, where he snatched a beaker of wine.

"Bring me music and dancers!" he cried, when one answered the gong. "And food and wine. Burn me sweet-smelling powders. Bring lights. Send a messenger to the walls and say that Barca is still the beloved of Baal and comes to save the city!"

If the slave laughed at the excitement of the old man, he waited till he could laugh in secret, but, standing at his post, like the good soldier he was, Hasdrubal shivered . . . .

In CRISIS AT CARTHAGE, *by Fletcher Allen.*

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